THE Pleaſant Adventures OF THE WITTY *SPANIARD*, *Lazarillo de Tormes.*

Of his Birth and Education; Of his arch Tricks in the Service of the Blind Man, the Prieſt, the Squire, and ſeveral others; Of his dining with *Duke Humphrey*, &c. Of his Voyage to the *Indies*, his Shipwrack, and of his being taken out of the Sea, and ſhown for a Monſtrous Fiſh: And laſtly, Of his turning Hermit, and writing theſe Memoirs.

Being all the true Remains of that ſo much admired Author.

To which is added,

The Life and Death of *Young Lazarillo*, Heir apparent to *Old Lazarillo de Tormes*: By which it plainly appears, That the Son would have far exceeded the Father in Ingenuity, had he not come to an untimely End in a *Houſe-of-Office*.

LONDON, Printed by *J. Leake*, and Sold by moſt Bookſellers in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, M DC LXXX VIII.

THE Pleaſant Adventures OF THE WITTY *SPANIARD*, *Lazarillo de Tormes.*

Of his Birth and Education; Of his arch Tricks in the Service of the Blind Man, the Prieſt, the Squire, and ſeveral others; Of his dining with *Duke Humphrey*, *&c.* Of his Voyage to the *Indies*, his Shipwrack, and of his being taken out of the Sea, and ſhown for a Monſtrous Fiſh: And laſtly, Of his turning Hermit, and writing theſe Memoirs.

Being all the true Remains of that ſo much admired Author.

To which is added,

The Life and Death of *Young Lazarillo*, Heir apparent to *Old Lazarillo de Tormes*: By which it plainly appears, That the Son would have far exceeded the Father in Ingenuity, had he not come to an untimely End in a *Houſe-of-Office*.

LONDON, Printed by *J. Leake*, and Sold by moſt Booksellers in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, M DC LXXX VIII.

LICENSED,

September 19.
1687.

TO THE READER.

THE History of the famous *Lazarillo*, needs no Preambulatory Discourses to make it pleasing. The *French*, *Dutch*, *Italians*, and, in a word, almost all Nations have welcom'd him into their Language.

To the Reader.

The niceſt Criticks allow him to be a witty Fellow; and judge his Adventures may be read with as much Edification as his Country-mens, *Guzman*, or the Brainſick Knight of the *Mancha*.

He was no ſuch Fool to fight with a Windmill; or take a Flock of Sheep for a mighty Army. All his conflicts were with his hard Fortune, againſt which it becomes

comes every wise Man to combate.

If a Man wants Diversion, and be out of Humour; he need only read what happened between him and the worthy Squire his Master, to put him into a fit of Laughter.

The Editions, which have as yet appeared, of this Book in *English*, are so full of flat and tedious Expressions (besides the frequent and bold profa-

nations and appeals to Heaven) as have neceſſarily required this new Tranſlation; wherein nothing has been left out, but needleſs and obſolete words, and ſuch matters of Fact, as *Lazarillo* was never guilty of, as you'll ſee in the Advertiſement which follows, to which I refer you if you need further ſatisfaction.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

LAzarillo *relates his Birth, together with the Amours of* Antoinette Peres, *his Mother, with the* Moore Zaide. Page 1

CHAP. II.

Lazarillo's *Mother places him in the Service of a blind Man. This Man's Conditions, and the pleasant Tricks that were plaid betwixt them.* 7

CHAP.

The Contents.

CHAP. III.

The ſad Story of the Pot of Wine. 14

CHAP. IV.

The Story of the Bunch of Grapes; and the Sauſage, which in roaſting was changed into a Worm-eaten Root. 20

CHAP. V.

Of the Leap *which the blind Man made.* 27

CHAP. VI.

Lazarillo *enters himſelf into the ſervice of a Prieſt. His Maſter's covetous Humour deſcribed.* 30

CHAP. VII.

Lazarillo *relates the Story of the Tinker's coming to him.* 39

CHAP. VIII.

How Lazarillo *counterfeited the Mice.* 44

CHAP. IX.

How the Prieſt diſcovered the Snake, and Lazarillo's *being turned out of his Service thereupon* 51

CHAP.

The Contents.

CHAP. X.

How Lazarillo *enters himſelf into the Service of a* Squire, *and what happened thereupon.* 58

CHAP. XI.

How Lazarillo *dined with* Duke Humphrey 62

CHAP. XII.

An account of the Squire's *Bed.* 68

CHAP. XIII.

He turns Mumper again. His Maſters Diſcourſe thereupon. 74

CHAP. XIV.

He dines his Maſter the Squire, *as well as himſelf, with what he had begged.* 80

CHAP. XV.

The Extremities to which the Squire *and* Lazarillo *were reduced.* 86

CHAP. XVI.

The Reaſons which moved the Squire *to come to* Toledo. 92

CHAP. XVII.

How the Squire *was interrupted. An Inventory of his Moveables.*

He

He leaves his Servant Lazarillo *in the Lurch.* 99

CHAP. XVIII.

How Lazarillo *enters into the Service of a Friar, and afterwards into that of a Pardon-monger.* 106

CHAP. XIX.

Lazarillo *ſerves a Painter; a Churchman; and after theſe a Serjeant; and laſtly becomes a Common Cryer.* 116

CHAP. XX.

Lazarillo *marries Mr.* Arch-Deacon's *Maid.* 119

CHAP. XXI.

Lazarillo *gets acquainted with ſome* Germans *of the Train of* Charles V. *and what happened on this Occaſion.* 123

PART II.

CHAP. I.

LAzarillo *grows an ill Husband. Death of the Arch-Deacon.* Lazarillo's *Misery after his Death.* 131

CHAP. II.

Lazarillo *resolves to make a Voyage to the* Indies. *He meets with the* Squire, *who relates to him his Adventures.* 138

CHAP. III.

The Squire *continues the Relation of his Adventures.* Lazarillo *and he associate in the Voyage to the* Indies. 145

CHAP. VI.

Lazarillo *makes Shipwrack at his Return from the* Indies. *Certain Fisher-men carry him thorough-*

roughout all Spain *as a monſtrous Fiſh. How they were diſcovered and puniſhed.* 152

CHAP. V.

How Lazarillo *became an Hermit and wrote theſe Memoirs.* 164.

BOOK II.

Containing the Life and Death of Young Lazarillo, *who was no way inferior to his Father,* Old Lazarillo, *in all ſorts of Rogueries.*

THE

THE Pleaſant LIFE, AND Rare *Adventures*, of the Witty *SPANIARD*, *Lazarillo de Tormes.*

CHAP. I.

Lazarilio *relates his Birth, together with the Amours of* Antoinette Peres, *his Mother, with the* Moor Zaide.

MY Name is *Lazaro de Tormes*; and am the Son of *Thomas Gonſales* and *Antoinette Peres*, both Natives of

Tejares, a Village near *Salamanca*. I was born on the River of *Tormes*, whence I took my Sur-name.

My Father (Peace be with his Soul) had the charge of a Mill, which ſtood on this River, wherein for the ſpace of Fifteen Years, he laboured like a Man that underſtood his Trade. My Mother being one day in the Mill, big with me, fell in Travel, and was there delivered of me. Whence you may ſee, 'tis not without Reaſon, I call my ſelf *de Tormes*.

I was about Eight Years old, when my Father was accuſed of bleeding the Sacks of Corn, which were brought thither to be ground. He, good Man, being loath to add Lying to his other Crime, confeſſed the Fact, and patiently underwent his deſerved Puniſhment.

An Army was raiſed about this time againſt the *Moors*, and my Father who found himſelf a baniſh'd

Man

Man from his Country, for the Miſhap aforeſaid, enter'd himſelf into the Service of an Officer; who dying in this War, my Father, like a faithful Servant, followed his Maſter, ſoon after, into the other World.

What could my Mother do, a poor comfortleſs Widow, after the Loſs of ſo dear a Husband? She reſolves to live amongſt vertuous people, determining now to become vertuous her ſelf; wherefore ſhe leaves the Country, to inhabit in the City; takes a little Houſe, and keeps a ſmall Ord'nary, and turns Landreſs to certain Grooms; into whoſe Stables having often occaſion to reſort, ſhe grew into Familiarity with a certain *Moor*, who look'd after the Horſes under the Grooms: And they were ſo good Friends in a little time, that the *Moor* came often in the Night to us, whence he did not depart till

the Morning; he ſometimes alſo came in the Day-time under pretence of buying Eggs, though we never ſold any; and, in ſhort, frequented our Houſe as it if had been his own.

This Familiarity, at firſt, diſguſted me; his black and ugly Countenance making me afraid: But when I perceived, his Viſits made our Pot boil, I ſoon pacified my ſelf; for he ſeldom came empty-handed.

But at length, Matters went ſo forward, that my Mother brought forth a young *Black*, it being my charge to rock and play with him. I ſhall never forget, how one Day my Father-in-law, the *Moor*, ſporting with his little Son; the Child obſerving my Mother and I were White, and his Father Black, he ran away affrighted to my Mother, and ſtretching out his Finger, cryed, *Mamma, the Devil.* Where-

at

at the *Moor*, laughing, ſaid, *Thou Baſtard, art thou afraid of thy Father?* As much a Child as I was, I could not chooſe but reflect on theſe Words of my little Brother; ſaying within my ſelf, *How many are there in the World, who laugh at others, for want of knowing themſelves?* At length the Trade which *Zaide* drove (for this was the *Moor*'s Name) came to the Maſter of the Horſe's Ear; and Matters being ſearched into, it appeared that my Father ſtole half of the Oats allowed the Horſes, not ſparing the Horſe-Cloths, Shooes, Bridles, and every thing elſe which he could carry off fairly; which things he would daily bring to my Mother for the bringing up my young Brother, all which was proved againſt him; and I being examined, through Fear confeſs'd, I had, by my Mother's order, ſold ſeveral of theſe things: Whereup-

on my Father-in-law was condemned to be ſeverely whipt, and my Mother ſtrictly charged, on pain of an Hundred Stripes, to enter no more into the Stables, nor admit the unfortunate *Zaide* into her Houſe.

My poor Mother ſubmitted to this cruel Sentence without murmuring; and to avoid the giving Occaſion to ill Tongues, ſhe changed her Lodging, and placed her ſelf as a Servant in an Inn.

In this laborious Condition, ſhe made an hard ſhift to bring up my younger Brother till he could go alone; and, as for my part, I was at that Age, that I was very uſeful in tending the Gueſts.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Lazarillo's *Mother places him in the Service of a blind Man. This Man's Conditions, and the pleaſant Tricks which were play'd betwixt them.*

A Blind Man came and lodged in this Inn; and hearing ſome diſcourſe of me, judged I might be a fit perſon to lead and tend him; and therefore he demanded me of my Mother; who not ſuffering her ſelf to be much entreated, only told him, that I was the Son of a good Father, who dyed in the defence of the Faith againſt the Infidels, at the Battle of *Gelves*; and, that ſhe hoped, I ſhould prove no leſs an honeſt Man; and, being a poor Orphelin, entreated him he would become a Father to me. The blind

Man promiſed more than ſhe could expect; or he, indeed, perform; whereupon, I immediately entred into my Office.

He remained ſome Days at *Salamanca*; but finding his Gain ſmall there, he reſolved to part thence. Having therefore taken my leave of my Mother, we left that Place.

Coming on the way as far as the entrance on the Bridge, there ſtands a Statue of Stone, repreſenting a Bull: My blind Maſter bad me draw near it, ſaying, *Lazarillo, Put but thine Ear to this Bull, and thou ſhalt hear a ſtrange kind of Noiſe*; which I had no ſooner done, but this old Rogue puſh'd my Head with that devilliſh force againſt it, that I thought he had ſplit my Skul in a Thouſand pieces: Scarce had I the uſe of my Senſes for Three Days together; and he, for his part, was burſting out ever and anon into Laughter (which was

was no ſmall aggravation of my Pain) telling me, *That a blind Man's Boy, ſhould have one Trick more than the Devil himſelf.* Upon this, I began to conſider, That 'twas time for me to open mine Eyes, and look to my ſelf, being a poor Boy that was left alone to ſhift in the World.

We continued on our Journey, and he inſtructed me by the way in the *Canting* Language, which, to his great joy, I ſoon learn'd: And he further ſaid to me, *See, Friend* Lazarillo, *I can neither give thee Gold nor Silver, but thou ſhalt not want ſuch Counſel as is of far greater Value:* And truly, his Words were weighty; and though he was blind, yet he taught me to know the World.

He was a mighty ingenious Man in his way; he knew more Prayers by Heart, than all the blind Men beſides in *Spain*; and could

ſo tone 'em, as made all the People in the Church to caſt an Eye towards him. His Mein was devout, grave, and humble; no Grimaces, unſeemly rolling the Whites, or wry-Mouths, were obſervable in him.

He had a Thouſand ways to draw Money from People, having Prayers by Rote, for all occaſions; for Women that were barren, for thoſe in Labour, for ſuch as had ſevere Husbands, and thoſe that were ſtale Maids. He could tell the big-belly'd Women, whether what they went with was a Boy or a Girl.

As for Phyſical Remedies, *Galen* was a mere Aſs to him. He had admirable Secrets for the Tooth-ach, all ſorts of Cholicks, and Fits of the Mother. When any one complained to him of any Diſtemper, he had immediately a choice Receipt ready: *Do this*, ſaid he to one;

one; *You muſt uſe ſuch a thing*, to another; *Gather this Herb, take ſuch a Root*. All the World ran after him, and eſpecially the Women-kind, who took him for a Man inſpired; though he was, in truth, the baſeſt, and moſt covetous Hound on the Face of the Earth.

He was not content to pinch his own Belly, but would needs ſtarve me too; however, it ſeldom happened but I made my part good with him, and became the greateſt ſhearer in his Gain.

He was wont to keep his Proviſion in a little Cloth-bag, whoſe Mouth was faſtened with a Lock; and when he put in, or took out thence any thing, he would be ſo on his Guard, that the craftieſt Fellow in the World, muſt be diſcouraged from attempting to cheat him of the leaſt Crumb; and therefore I muſt be contented with that ſmall Allowance he gave me: which

which would not amount to Two Morſels. But when he cloſed up his Bag, and imagined my Thoughts diverted on ſomething elſe, I would ſteal ſoftly to it, and ripping one of the Sides of it, take thence pieces of Bread and Meat, and then dexterouſly ſow up the Breach; and thus did I preſerve my Life from Famine.

When any one gave him a piece of Money, whip it went into my Mouth, if it could be changed into a piece of leſſer Value, which I had ready in my Hand for him. He oft complained to me, ſaying, *Lazarillo, What the Devil means it, that ſince thou haſt been with me I receive but half the Money for a Prayer which I was wont to have? ſurely thou haſt brought Misfortune with thee.*

But to be even with the People, he would cut a Prayer in half; and therefore ordered me as ſoon as the

the perſon that imployed him was gone, to twitch him by the Cloak: Then preſently changing his Tone, he would cry aloud, *Who will hear the Life of this Saint*, or, *hear this or the other Prayer?*

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The sad Story of the Pot of Wine.

AT Dinner or Supper time, he was wont to have an *Earthen Pot of Wine* standing by him, which was to him instead of a Bottle, which I would now and then whisk up to my Mouth, taking Two or Three go-downs, and then gently set it in its place. This Trade lasted not long with me; for, he not finding his measure, held his Pot thence-forward by the Two Ears. However, this Caution avail'd him little; for getting a Reed, I drew the Wine out with great ease. The old Thief, I believe, heard me suck at last; and therefore claps the Pot between his Knees, and laying one Hand upon it he feeds himself with

with the other. But I was ſo uſed to Wine, that, like Monſieur *Ragoo*, I could live better without a Shirt, or Hoſe, than without Wine; however, my Reed ſtood me in no ſtead.

I bethought my ſelf, after this, of making a little hole at the bottom of the Pot, and ſtopping it with ſoft Wax; Then at Supper-time, pretending to be extream cold, I would get between my Maſter's Legs, and then take our little Lamp, as it were to warm my ſelf, and applying it to the hole of the Pot, melt the Wax; and then would the Wine ſpurt out like a Spring into my Mouth, which would be ſure not to loſe a drop. When my blind Maſter was for having th'other bout at it, the Pot was dry; and not being able to divine whence this could happen, he would curſe and ſtorm like a mad Man. *You cannot*, ſaid I, *Uncle, miſtruſt*

miſtruſt me to have drunk your Wine, you take ſufficient care of that. He replyed not a Word, but turned and felt the Pot ſo on all ſides, that he unhappily light on the hole. He ſeemed at that time to take no notice of it; but the next day planting my ſelf at the accuſtomed time and place in the ſame poſture, whilſt I was bibbing with my Face upwards, in a pleaſing manner, with my Eyes half ſhut, the enraged and cruel blind Man took his opportunity to be revenged of me; for, lifting up with both his Hands this *ſweet* and *ſowr Pot*, he diſcharged it ſo fiercely on my Face, that I thought the Roof of the Houſe had fallen upon me. Impoſſible 'tis to imagine the Amazement I was in; the Pot was beat into I know not how many pieces, ſome of which ſtuck in my Face, and broke ſeveral Teeth out of my Head, which I want to this day.

Since

Since that time, I could never look on this malicious old Rogue without ill Will. He might make much of me, if he pleaſed; yet I knew well enough, the blow he had given rejoiced his Heart, and therefore I could never forgive him. He waſh'd my Wounds with Wine, and grinningly ſaid to me, *Thou ſeeſt*, Lazarillo, *how that which has made the Wound, now cures it.* This Raillery was very well, but it did not pleaſe me.

When I was half cured I began to think, that ſhould this blind Wretch give me many ſuch blows, he would ſoon be rid of me; but I reſolved to prevent him by leaving him, tho' I did it not preſently.

Had I been the beſt humour'd Youth in the World, and forgotten the *Blow with the Pot*, yet the ill uſage he ſhewed me afterwards, was ſuch, as I could never forgive. He was always beating me, pinch-

ing

ing me or pulling me by the Hair. If any tender-hearted body blamed him, then would he recite the adventure of *the Pot of Wine*; *and you believe*, ſays he, *that this is ſome innocent Wretch? I tell you, the Devil himſelf cannot out-do him, in all manner of Roguery:* which made thoſe that heard him, lift up their Hands, and croſs themſelves, ſaying ever at parting, *Puniſh him, puniſh him, he will thank you for it another day:* which Counſel the Old Man would not fail to put in practice, nor I be behind hand in my Revenges on him; for I continually led him through the worſt ways. Were there any heap of Stones near us, any puddles and heaps of Dirt, he was ſure to paſs through 'em. I mattered not the having my part, being willing to put out one of my own Eyes) as they ſay) to put out both his, that never had any. At every trip he made,

made, he would be ſure to run his Nails into my Head, or make an Anvil of it with the handle of his Stick. It was to no purpoſe for me to ſwear, I was not in fault, and that there was no better Way; this would not paſs with him, he was too ſubtle to believe me.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Story of the Bunch of Grapes; and the Sauſage, which in roaſting, was changed into a Worm-eaten Root.

MY Maſter leaving *Salamanca*, he deſigned for the Coaſts of *Toledo*: and tho' Mens Charities were not very great, in thoſe Parts; yet being a wealthy ſort of People, he was led thither by the *Spaniſh* Proverb, which ſays, *That a Man had better have to do with a rich Niggard, than a Charitable poor Man.* We ſteer'd then this Courſe, paſſing always through the beſt Villages, where, if we found any Encouragement, we made ſome ſtay.

At length we arrived at a Town called *Almorx*, in the time when they gather their Grapes, where my

my Maſter had a Bunch of excellent good ones given him; which he would have kept willingly till next morning, but it being very ripe, 'twould have been ſpoiled. He was forced therefore to eat it; and, to make me amends for the blows and ill uſage he had given me that day, he determined to take me in for a Partner.

We ſate down then in a ſhallow gravel Pit, and he ſaid to me, *Lazarillo, come, let's eat this Bunch of Grapes, dividing them like Brethren; and therefore do thou take a Grape, and I another; but take no more than one at a time; and I, for my part, do promiſe thee to do the ſame.* The matter was agreed on; but at the ſecond twitch, the Old Knave broke his Promiſe, and began to take 'em by two's, ſuſpecting I did the like. When I ſaw he infring'd the Articles, I did not content my ſelf with doing as he did,

did, but pluck'd Three at a time; and being by means of this expedition, come to an end, he held the ſtalk wagging in his Hand; and ſhaking his Head, cried out, *Ah!* Lazarillo, *thou haſt deceived me: I can ſafely ſwear on my Soul, thou haſt taken Three or Four at a time. Pardon me, dear Uncle,* ſaid I, *my Conſcience is as tender as other folks. Prethee,* replied he, *did I not obſerve, when thou ſaweſt me eat Two at a time, thou ſaidſt nothing? whence I certainly conclude, thou haſt went beyond me.*

We were lodg'd in an Inn at *Scalona*, where he gave me a good fat Sauſage to roaſt for him; and having eaten the ſlices of Bread, which he had put under it that the dripping might not be loſt, he drew a ſmall ſpil of Money out of his Purſe, and bad me go and fetch him ſome Wine.

Occa-

Occaſion, as they ſay, makes the Thief; for there lying in the Chimney-corner a great Worm-eaten Root, which was thrown aſide as not fit for the Pot; and the Blind Man and I being alone, I ſhut mine Eyes to all that might happen; and whilſt my Maſter was putting his Hand into his Purſe, I whipt the Sauſage off the Spit, and dexterouſly clapt on this Root in its place. I took the Money for the Wine, and gave him the handle of the Spit to turn; he roaſting that Root, which was ſo bad that 'twas not fit to boil.

I ſoon diſpatch'd my Sauſage, as I went for the Wine; and at my Return, found my old blind Maſter ſqueezing the roaſted Root, betwixt Two ſlices of Bread, thinking it to be the Sauſage; but biting into it, and finding what it was, he fell into ſuch a fit of raging, that he knew not where he was.

What

What a Devil is the meaning of this, ſays he, Lazarillo? *What!* replied I, *I hope you have nothing to lay to my Charge, when you know I have been gone for Wine? ſome body has come in and put this Trick upon you. No, no,* cried the old Fellow, *I never let the Spit go out of my Hand; no body has touched it.* I then began to ſwear, I was no ways concerned in the matter; but he reſted not much on my Oaths and Imprecations.

He then roſe up, took me faſt by the Crown, and began to ſmell my Breath: In the rage he was in, he did not the work by halves; but opening my Mouth with both his Hands, he thruſt his great ſharp Snout down my Throat. The fear which I was in, by this ſuddain ſurprize, together with his Elephants Trunk ſtopping my Breath, made me caſt up this undigeſted Meat: What would I not have

have given to a been at that time Forty Foot under Ground; being in a worſe condition, than half dead. My blind Maſter was now ſo tranſported with fury, that had not people entred in at the Outcry, he had certainly ſtrangled me.

They drew me out of his Hands, which remained full of the little Hair I had left in our paſt Combats. He told the whole Story, with all its Aggravations, to as many as would hear it; not forgetting the Adventure of the *Pot of Wine*, and the *Bunch of Grapes*. The Old Fellow related my proweſſes ſo pleaſantly, that, in as bad a condition as I was, I muſt judge my ſelf guilty of the greateſt ſtupidity, ſhould I not laugh for company.

But conſidering what had paſt, I was extream mad at my ſelf, that I had not bit off his Noſe.

My ſtomach, without doubt, would have better retained that than the Sauſage. Our Hoſteſs and the reſt of the good Folks there preſent, made peace between us. They waſh'd my Neck and Face with the Wine I went for; which made the blind Man joakingly ſay; *This Boy coſts me more in Wine for him in one Year, than I drink in two:* Lazarillo, *Thou muſt own a greater obligation to Wine, than to thy Father: Thou haſt received thy Life from him but once; whereas Wine reſtores to thee thy Life every day.* Thoſe that heard him jeer me in this manner, broke out into ſuch fits of laughter, as put me beyond all patience.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of the Leap which the blind Man made.

COnſidering the ſtate of Affairs between us, I was reſolved of a long time to leave him; but this laſt Adventure fully determined me. We went the next morning to beg in the Town; and it having rained hard the night before, we ſheltered our ſelves under a certain Gate, there to expect people as they paſs'd by; but Night approaching and the Rain not ceaſing, the blind Man ſaid to me, *Lazarillo, this Rain is like to hold, for the darker it grows, the thicker it falls: Let us then return Home betimes.*

Betwixt us, and our Inn, there ran a great Canal, which was much encreaſed by the Rain: I

ſaid to him then, *Uncle, this Gutter is very large, but if it pleaſe you, we will go a little further, where we may paſs without being wet-ſhod. Now thou art honeſt*, ſaid he, *lead me thither, for 'tis not good to take Water into one's Shooes this Winter Weather.*

Things being in this Order, I lead him from under the Gate, and brought him to a great Stone Pillar, and placed him directly before it: The Rain fell with great Violence, and he was willing to be as ſoon out of it, as he could. *Now*, ſaid I, *Uncle, you muſt make your Leap. But do you jump firſt*, ſays he, *Boy*; which I did, and ſtood behind the Pillar, watching him as a Man that obſerves the Motions and Turnings of a wild Bull. I had no ſooner ſaid, *Come Uncle*; but he, like a Ram, went backwards, and then came running, and leap'd with all his force, with

His

his Head againſt the Pillar : I heard his Head ſound like a leathern Bottle with the blow. The blind Man fell down backwards half dead ; and ſeeing him fall, *O, are you come*, ſaid I ; *You that have ſuch a good Noſe to ſmell out the Sauſage, can't, it ſeems, ſmell a Pillar ! Now, I believe, we are at ſuch an even Reckoning, that we cannot juſtly laugh at one another.* I bad him, *God b'w'y'*, and left him to the care of thoſe that came out to ſuccour him ; and ſo tripp'd away, without looking behind me, arriving before Night at *Torrigo* ; knowing not to this Day what was become of my blind Maſter ; and indeed never much enquired after him.

CHAP. VI.

Lazarillo *enters himſelf into the Service of a Prieſt. His Maſter's covetous Humour deſcribed.*

NOT believing my ſelf in Safety at *Torrigo*, I travelled to a Village, at greater diſtance, called *Maqueda*; where my Sins made me meet with a Prieſt, who ſeemed to me to be the Curate of the Place; and in which I was not miſtaken. As I was about to ask him for an Alms, he prevented me, by demanding, *Whether I knew how to ſerve at Maſs? Very well*, anſwered I, *Sir*; for tho' the villainous blind Man, had ever uſed me ill, yet this I muſt ſpeak in his Praiſe,

That

That he had taught me ſeveral uſeful things, and *this* amongſt the reſt.

In a word, the Prieſt took me into his Service; whereupon I fell, as they ſay, out of the frying Pan, into the Fire. Although the blind Man was *Covetouſneſs it ſelf*; yet may I ſafely ſwear, that in compariſon of this Prieſt, he was a *real Prodigal*.

He had a great ancient Coffer, to which was a ſtrong Lock, whoſe Key he carried always about with him, faſtned to his Dublet, and when he returned from the Church, he would be ſure to lock up therein all the Bread, which belonged to the Poor. In all other Houſes a Man ſhall ſee ſomething that is to Eat; a piece of Bacon (perhaps) hanging up in the Chimney; or, it may be, a Cheeſe on the Shelf; or, ſome pieces of Bread lying up and down;

or, Crums ſcattered after Meals; but the Houſe where I light into, would not afford ſo much as the bare ſight of theſe.

He had only a *Bunch of Onions* kept under Lock and Key in a Garret, one of which in four Days was my Allowance. When I ask'd him for the Key for this occaſion, if any body was preſent, my liberal Maſter would leaſurely unty his Key, and very earneſtly bid me bring it him again quickly, ſaying, *Thou art ever minding of thy Belly.* A Man would have thought in hearing him ſpeak thus, that he had had all the Varieties in World lock'd up in this Room; the and let me die, if there was any thing more than this wretched *Bunch of Onions* I mentioned, hanging on a Nail; the number of which he ſo well knew, that 'twas impoſſible for me to deceive him of one of them.

After

After I had lived ſome time with him, I was ready to drop down dead with Hunger. What ever Fleſh Meat he eat, I was ſure not to get the leaſt Crum of it; perhaps he might beſtow a little of the Broth on me; but as for Bread, half of what was ſufficient would have made me think my ſelf happy. On *Saturday*, he was wont to ſend me to buy a Piteous Sheep's-head, which when 'twas boiled, he would eat the Eyes, Tongue, Brains; and clear all the Fleſh from the Cheek-bones; and having made this Anatomy, then would he ſay, *Here take this away and eat it, and acknowledge thou haſt made one good Meal in thy Life. I wiſh you may never fare better*, would I ſay, grumbling ſoftly to my ſelf.

At the end of Three Weeks, I became ſo weak, that I could ſcarce ſtand on my Legs, and I was in a

fare way to my Grave, had not mine own Induſtry relieved me. Yet had I been a Thouſand times more crafty than I was, what was there to exerciſe my ſubtilty on? Moreover this Prieſt was not blind, as my Old Maſter, to whom I taught the art of *Leaping*.

He had Eyes to pierce through ſtone Walls: When we were at the *Offering*, not a Farthing fell into the Baſon, of which he did not take account; he had one Eye on his Pariſhioners, and another on my Hands; ſo that his Eyes were in perpetual Motion; and the *Offerring* being over, he took from me the Baſon himſelf, and placed it on the Altar. By which means 'twas not in my power to deceive him of one poor Farthing, all the time of my Life, or, to ſpeak better, all the time of my Death, with him.

He

He never gave me the trouble of going to the Tavern for him for Wine. He was ſo exact, that the Wine of the *Offerring*, which he lock'd up in his great Coffer every *Sunday* morning, ſerv'd him all the Week. To colour his intolerable Covetouſneſs, he would ſay to me, *That Churchmen ought to live in great Sobriety, and that others Example ſhould be no Rule to him.*

But the Villain ſpoke againſt his own Conſcience; for when he dined or ſupp'd at another's Table, he eat like a Woolf, and drank like a Fiſh. I never ſo heartily prayed for the Death of People as I did there; for then, and only then, I was ſure to get my Belly-full of Victuals; and therefore did I earneſtly beſeech Heaven, to call every Day out of this World one of our Pariſhioners. When we carried the *Extream Unction*

to the Sick, the Prieſt needed not bid me, as is cuſtomary, to pray for him; I was always ready enough to do this of my ſelf; and I beſought God, *Not to diſpoſe of him, according to his Will*, as the Prayer runs; but, *To bring him immediately into his everlaſting Kingdom.* And if any one after this eſcaped, Heaven forgive me, for I curſt him to the pit of Hell: Whereas I accompanied with a Thouſand Benedictions, thoſe who were ſo charitable as to leave the World. In all the time I ſerved the Prieſt, which was about a Year, there died not above Five and twenty Perſons in all; and I believe I occaſioned their Death, by force of wiſhing it.

All went admirably well on days of Burials; then I might be properly ſaid to live; but theſe times made the reſt but the more uneaſie; and therefore all my hope was

was now in mine own death, as it had been heretofore in that of others.

I thought ſeveral times of leaving my Service, but was withheld by Two Reaſons: The firſt, That I could not truſt my Legs; whoſe weakneſs was ſo great, that they were not able to carry me far: And the other, That having had Two Maſters already, the firſt made me die with Hunger; and having left him for the ſecond, he had brought me to the brink of the Grave; and ſhould I leave him, and meet with a worſe, he would certainly puſh me into it. This conſideration made me unreſolv'd; being moreover, ſufficiently enough perſwaded of my ill fortune, to believe, it would be worſe and worſe with me.

Another Reaſon alſo I had, not to leave him ſo ſoon; for he had already

already taught me to read; and beginning but newly my Writing, I knew not enough of that, to serve me at my need; and I would willingly gain that Improvement by him, before I left him.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Lazarillo *relates the Story of the Tinker's coming to him.*

ONE Day my Maſter being gone out of the Village; there came a Tinker to our Door, or an Angel rather, who ask'd me, *Whether we had nothing to mend*; I anſwered ſoftly to my ſelf, *More than thou canſt do.* But having no time to loſe, I ſaid to him, *Friend, I have loſt the Key of that Coffer you ſee there, and if you have one amongſt that great bundle, which will ſerve, I will pay you well for it, and you will do me an extraordinary Kindneſs.* The Tinker, without further entreaty, began to try his Keys, and I, attentive all the while to what was doing, endeavoured to aſſiſt him by

by my Prayers, when on a ſuddain, I was ſurprized at the ſight of the Coffer's being opened. It ſeemed to me, that the Heavens were ſo alſo, at the ſight of the Bread, which lay therein; and addreſſing my ſelf to the Tinker, tranſported with joy; *Friend*, ſaid I, *I have no Money, but look ye, here's Bread enough, pay your ſelf with your own Hands.* He took then one of the beſt Loaves, and giving me the Key, went away contented, but not ſo well pleaſed as I.

For that time, I touched nothing; for ſeeing ſuch a Treaſure in my power, I was in a manner half ſatisfied, as imagining that Hunger now durſt not come within an Hundred Leagues of me. My Maſter returned, and fortunately took no notice of the Loaf, which was wanting. He no ſooner went out the next morning,

ing, but I opened the bleſſed Coffer, and taking thence a Loaf, I devoured it in a trice. I forgot not to ſhut it; and I began to ſet the Chamber to rights, with ſo great cheerfulneſs, that I could ſcarce feel my ſelf, imagining that now I could not but live happyly. I paſt all that day, and the next morning, in the braveſt humour in the World; but this laſted no longer than the third day; when I ſaw my cruel Maſter rummaging, and feeling a Thouſand times in his Coffer; and begin again as many, the reckoning of his Bread. I made as if I was not at all concerned, during this troubleſome ſearch; but yet I recommended my ſelf to God, and all the Saints. *O bleſſed Saint* John, ſaid I, *blind him, I moſt humbly beſeech thee.* After a long Calculation, and reckoning the Days and Loaves on his Fingers; he breaks out into

theſe words; *In good faith, did not this Coffer ſtand in a ſafe place, I ſhould think ſome body has robbed me of my Bread: However, I ſhall henceforward keep ſuch an exact Account, that I deſie all the World to deceive me in my reckoning; here's Nine Loaves and a piece.* God give thee Nine Curſes, ſaid I to my ſelf: Methoughts I ſaw all my Blood ſtreaming out of my Body, when I heard him talk thus; and the foreſight of the Diet to which I was to be reduced, made me ſtarve before hand.

He went out after this; and I opening the Coffer to comfort my ſelf, and kneeling down before the Loaves, I beheld them without daring to touch them: I counted them to ſee, if by good hap the Curate was not miſtaken, but I found him too exact to my Grief. All that I dared do, was to kiſs and ſmell to each Loaf, and to cut ex-

extream thin ſlices from one that had been much handled; with which I paſt that day, but not with that Content, as I did the others.

And having accuſtomed my ſelf to a greater Quantity of Food, for theſe Two or Three days, Hunger tormented me ſo much the more: I felt my ſelf dying; and when I was alone, I did nothing elſe but open and ſhut the Coffer, and look on the Bread.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How Lazarillo *counterfeited the Mice.*

MY good *Genius* aſſiſted me again in this urgent Neceſſity, by ſuggeſting to me a new Remedy. This Coffer is old, began I to ſay within my ſelf, and battered in ſeveral places, and the Holes and Clefts be not great in it; yet they are large enough to make it believed, that Mice may have entred it to eat the Bread. To take an whole one will ruine all my after hopes; but what hinders me from counterfeiting the Mouſe? I began then to nibble the Loaves over a Napkin, which lay in the Coffer. I thus nibbled Three or Four, and taking the Crums in the hallow of my hand,

I ſwallowod them like ſo many Comfets.

Dinner-time being come, my Curate failed not in opening the Coffer, to perceive what had happened; and attributed it to the Mice; ſo well had I plaid my part. He then examines all ſides of the Coffer, and ſeeing the Holes, through which he thought the Mice had paſt, he called me and ſaid, *Look here*, Lazarillo, *ſee what Perſecution has been raiſed againſt our Bread.* I ſeemed much aſtoniſhed, asking him, *How this happened? Whence ſhould this happen*, anſwered he, *but from theſe roguiſh Mice, from which nothing is ſafe.* He ſate him down to Dinner, and gave me the parings of the Bread, and in giving them bad me eat, ſaying, *Eat, eat*, Lazarillo, *for Mice are cleanly.*

We ended our Dinner, if we may call that ending, which was never

never well begun. But I grew ſick, when I ſaw the Curate ſearching in all Corners for Nails, and little pieces of Wood, to ſtop up the Holes of the Coffer. O thought I to my ſelf, how ſhort are the pleaſures of this World? I thought I had found ſome mitigation of my Miſery, when immediately he fell upon ſuch an Invention as drove me to extream deſpair. Whilſt I was buſied in theſe thoughts, he had perfected his work. *Now*, ſays he, in a great heat, *damn'd Brood, wretched Vermin, you muſt go and pilfer elſewhere, live in ſome other place, for you'll find but ſhort Commons here.*

As ſoon as he was gone out, I ran to the Coffer, and found he had not left the leaſt Crevice unſtopp'd. I opened, it though to no purpoſe; and ſeeing Two or Three Loaves, which my Maſter had

had been picking, as thinking they had been gnawed by the Mice, I fell alſo on pinching them in the moſt careful manner I was able. But theſe feeble ſuccours being nothing to my furious Appetite, my continual ſtudy was how to provide ſome ſpeedy Remedy.

'Tis ſaid of Hunger, that it ſharpens mens Wit, whereas much eating does but dull it. One night when theſe thoughts made me reſtleſs, and I was deſigning a freſh attack on the Coffer, without being diſcovered; I heard the Curate ſnoring as he uſed to do when in a deep ſleep. I roſe up ſoftly, and making up to the Coffer, I aſſaulted that ſide which I knew to be weakeſt, with a ruſty Knife; which did not hold out long, ſo that I made a conſiderable breach in it. I afterwards opened the Coffer ſoftly, and ſcratching the ſeveral Loaves with my Nails,

Nails, I devoured the Crums, and then returned to my Bed, endeavouring, if poſſible, to get a little Reſt, which through my faſtings, was a difficult matter.

The next morning my Curate ſeeing the Diſorder, the Hole which I had made, and the Bread nibbled, began to curſe the Mice in a moſt extravagant manner; ſaying, *What the Devil is the meaning of this, that the Mice ſhould now of late come and torment us in this manner?* And, indeed, he had reaſon to wonder at the Matter; for there was no Houſe in the Kingdom, that could pretend with juſter Title, to a Privilege of Exemption from theſe ſort of Animals; who, for the moſt part, love not to tarry where there's nothing to eat.

He began again to ſtop up the Holes, and I to ſpoil in the Night, what he had done in the Day.

We

We each of us wrought ſo hard, he in ſtopping the Holes, and I in making them, that in a few Nights and Days, the wretched Coffer was more laden with Nails and bits of Timber, than an Old Whores Face is with Paint.

Seeing he only loſt time in theſe Repairs, he began thus to reaſon: *This Coffer is but an ill compacted thing, the ſtuff of it is ſo old and Worm-eaten, that the leaſt Mouſe can make an hole through it; and if I buſie my ſelf in continually mending it, and the Rats and Mice in perpetually making holes in it, the Coffer will be good for nothing in a ſhort time; however, as bad as it is, I am not willing to beſtow Three or Four Shillings on another. My beſt way will be to ſet up a Trap in it, for theſe thieving Animals.*

He thereupon borrowed one, and baited it with bits of Cheeſe, which he borrowed of his Neigh-

bours, and kept it ſtill ſet up in the Coffer. Theſe were new *Ragoo's* to me, for though I needed not much any thing to ſharpen my Stomach, yet this, together with ſome Crums of Bread, agreed very well with my hungry Appetite.

When the good Man returned home, and found his Bread leſſened, the Trap without Cheeſe, and no Mouſe taken, he gave himſelf to the Devil, and went about the Town like a Mad-man; asking his Neighbours, *How it could happen, that a Rat ſhould eat his Cheeſe faſtened on the Hook, and the Trap fall without his being taken.* His Neighbours aſſured him this was impoſſible, or, at leaſt, a very extraordinary Caſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How the Prieſt diſcover'd the Snake, and Lazarillo's *being turn'd out of his Service thereupon.*

ONE of my Maſters Neighbours, an ancient Man, told him, he remembred that his Houſe was wont to be viſited by a Snake, and that very probably ſhe had made this Spoil; and though the Trap had fallen, yet her whole body not entring, ſhe might eaſily eſcape. This Neighbour's Saying, ſatisfied the whole Company, eſpecially my Maſter, who, from that time, never ſlept ſoundly; for at the leaſt Noiſe, he imagined the Snake was gnawing the Coffer. He often leap'd out of his Bed, and with a great

Cudgel which he held in his Hand, gave ſeveral ſevere ſtroaks on the poor Coffer, to fright away the *Snake*. The Noiſe he made diſturb'd all the Neighbourhood; and I, for my part, was not to think any more of ſleeping.

In this Diſcourſe of *Snakes*, he was told, that they loved Warmth, and therefore crept often into Childrens Cradles, ſtung and even kill'd ſome of them. Imagining therefore the ſame thing might happen at his Houſe, he would come oft in the Night, pull me out ſometimes of the Bed, and other whiles tumble me and it over one another.

I pretended for the moſt part, to have been aſleep; and he would ſay to me in the Morning, *Didſt thou not hear ſomething in the Night*, Lazarillo? *I had a long Courſe after the* Snake, *and I really believe he hides himſelf in thy Bed*;

Bed; he's a very chilly Animal, and ſeeks for Warmth. I wiſh, ſaid I, *he does me not a Miſchief ſome Night or other; for I am greatly afraid of it.*

His fear made him ſleep very little, and he kept ſuch ſtrict Watch, that the *Snake* dared not riſe to gnaw the Coffer, which obliged me to do my Buſineſs in the day time, whilſt he was either at Church, or abroad in the Village.

This Waſte continuing without Remedy, put him on going the Rounds every Night about his Chamber, and to turn all things topſy turvy, to catch the Animal. I was afraid leſt in ranſacking thus the Chamber and ſearching about my Bed and Clothes, he ſhould ſometime or other meet with my Key; and therefore I thought it the ſureſt way to clap it into my Mouth, when I was to go to ſleep.

It was but very ſmall, although it ſerved for to open a great Coffer. Moreover, I had ſo accuſtomed my Mouth to be a Pouch, whilſt I lived with the blind Man, that I could hold Ten or a Dozen Farthings in it, without the leaſt Trouble.

I put my Key then every Night in my Mouth, and ſo ſlept ſecurely, not imaging my Maſter would come and look for it there: But, *when a misfortune is to happen, all means to prevent it are vain.*

One Night when I was in a profound Sleep, with my Mouth open; the Key, which was hallow, lay ſituated in ſuch a manner in my Mouth, that breathing into the hole of it, I made ſuch a whiſtling, as rouſed my Maſter, who thought it had been moſt certainly the hiſſing of the Snake: Holding then his Cudgel in his Hand, he made ſtrait to me very ſoftly,

ſoftly, leaſt the Beaſt ſhould hear him. When he was near me, he thought certainly the Snake was in the Straw, and thereupon lifts up his Cudgel to kill her; but diſcharged ſuch a cruel Blow with all his ſtrength upon my Head, that I thought afterwards, when I came to my Senſes, that he had given me my Deaths Wound. Underſtanding at length his Error by the Groans I uttered, he felt abundance of Blood iſſuing out of my Head, which made him haſten for a Candle; which he had no ſooner brought, but he ſaw me groaning, and gaſping with my Key in my Mouth; which taking thence and viewing, he perceived it differed not at all from his. But, for better ſatisfaction, he went to try it, and ſo found out the whole Deceit. 'Tis hard to imagine what Joy and Triumph here was on this diſcovery of the Snake,

the *Rat* and the *Mice*, that had given this Trouble, and ſo deſtroyed his Bread. What happened the Three days following I know not, for I was inſenſible all that while; but when I came to my ſelf, I heard him declare the whole matter to as many as came to ſee him.

I wondred, being in my Straw, to find my Head ſo ſore and full of Plaſters, which made me ask the meaning of it: *O!* ſays the Prieſt, *I'll tell thee, my Boy, the meaning of it, I have chaſed away the* Rat *and the* Snake *that has done me ſuch Hurt*; I then immediately began to ſuſpect the Matter. Then came in an Old Woman with ſome of the Neighbours to dreſs my Wounds, and being glad to ſee me out of danger, they began to repeat my Adventures, and make themſelves merry with them, which made me weep more

more heartily than they could laugh. In a word, at Fifteen days end I roſe up, and could walk about, being cured of my Wounds, but half dead with Hunger. The next day after I roſe, my Maſter took me by the Hand, and led me into the Street, ſaying, *Lazarillo, thou art now at Liberty, God be with thee, I have no need of ſuch an ingenious Servant, thou muſt certainly have ſerved ſome blind Man.* And therewith bleſſing himſelf from me, as though I had been ſome Evil Spirit, he hyes him in, and bolts and locks faſt the Door.

CHAP. X.

How Lazarillo *enters himſelf into the Service of a Squire, and what happened thereupon.*

I Had not many pleas ready to offer my Maſter, and therefore I took my leave of him, without much Ceremony; and crawled towards *Toledo*, to which City I arrived by the aſſiſtance of charitably diſpoſed Perſons. My Wounds were no ſooner cloſed, but every one would ſay to me, *Why doſt thou not work for thy living, or get ſome Service?* Then I, murmuring within my ſelf, would ſay, *Where the Devil ſhall I get a Maſter?*

At laſt I met with a *Squire*, walking along the Street, in a very

very good Garb, neat and gentile; taking his ſteps with great State and Gravity. He look'd upon me, and I on him; at laſt he ſaid to me, *Boy, doſt thou want a Maſter? Yes, Sir,* replied I, *a good one. Then follow me,* ſays he, *thou haſt met with good Fortune to day, in meeting with me.* I was over-joy'd at what he ſaid, and gladly followed him. I met with this Third Maſter betimes in the morning, and he led me through the greateſt part of the City; and eſpecially the Markets, where I expected when he would have loaded me home with Proviſions, it being a fit time to provide for Dinner; but he very gravely left that place behind him: Then ſaid I to my ſelf, *Perhaps, he does not ſee any thing here which pleaſes him, he will buy elſewhere.* We walked ſo long, that the Clock ſtruck Eleven, when he went to the Cathe-

dral

dral Church, and I after him, where I ſaw him moſt devoutly hear Service; which when ended, he marched leaſurely down a Street, and I joyfully followed him, becauſe we had not, as I thought, our Dinner to provide, imagining my Maſter to have been ſome great Man, and that we ſhould find our Dinner ready at our coming. 'Twas now about One of the Clock, when we arrived at a Houſe, before which my Maſter ſtopp'd; then he throwing his Cloak over his left Shoulder, with his right Hand draws a Key out of his Pocket, and therewith opens the Door. We came into this Houſe through a dark Entry, a bad *Omen*, yet there was a little Court before it, and tolerable good Chambers in it.

Being within, he throws off his Cloak, and having deſired to ſee whether my Hands were clean,

we

we then ſhook it, and dubbling it handſomly, he blowed away the Duſt from a Bench, and laid it thereon. Which done he ſate him down on the ſame place, and fell into Diſcourſe with me about my Country, my Age, my Parentage, and what brought me to this City. I gave him the ſhorteſt Anſwers I could, and yet methoughts we were tedious enough for People that had not Dined; for I had rather have been employ'd in laying the Cloth, than in hearing the moſt edifying Diſcourſes.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How Lazarillo *Dined with* Duke Humphrey.

HAving ſatisfied the Squire's Curioſity, by lying where I thought it advantageous, and concealing whatever might ſeem injurious to me, he remained ſometime, as it were, in a ſtudy on what I ſaid. I ſtood before him all the while, with my Hands in my Hat, ſwallowing my Spittle, and ſtaring on him in ſuch a manner, as he might eaſily gueſs I asked him, when we ſhould go to Dinner, though I ſpake never a word to him of it. 'Twas now Two of the Clock, and I heard no more ſtir than if I had been in a Charnel-Houſe. Moreover, this cloſed Gate, this profound Silence where-

wherein all the Houſe lay, the bare Walls, and the Chambers, which I could perceive through the Windows, to be naked, without ſo much as a Chair, or, ſo much as a Trunk or Coffer in in them; all this, me thought, promiſs'd but ill, and brought a ſad Damp upon my Spirits.

The Squire came at laſt out of his ſtudy, and ſaid, *Haſt thou Dined, Child? No indeed, Sir,* anſwered I, *how could I, ſeeing I have attended your Worſhip ever ſince Eight in the Morning? For my part,* adds the Squire, *I had already Breakfaſted when I met thee, and when this happens, as it does ſometimes, I have no Stomach to my Dinner, thou muſt have patience then till Supper.*

I had in good earneſt like to have drop'd down at the hearing of theſe words, not altogether ſo much for Hunger, as at the conſideration

ſideration of Fortunes conſtant perſecuting me. At this inſtant, all my paſt ſufferings came into my mind; and I eſpecially remembred the preſage I had, and unwillingneſs to leave the Curate's Service, out of an Apprehenſion of meeting with ſome Maſter worſe than him. However, uſing violence on my ſelf, I ſaid to him in the beſt manner I could, *Sir, 'pray' be not troubled at that; I am, I thank God, of that Temper, that little eating ſuffices me, and all the Maſters I ever ſerved, will give me this Teſtimony. Temperance is a great Vertue in a Young Man,* replied the Squire; *and I love thee the more for this: It belongs only to Swine to glut themſelves; and, in my judgment, Temperance, is the chief Note of an honeſt Man. I underſtand you,* ſaid I, within my ſelf; but curſt for ever be this Quality, ſo greatly admired by all

all the Maſters I ever yet ſerved.

I at length made off from my Maſter, and got into a corner of the Court, and began to eat ſome pieces of Bread, which were the remains of ſome good Peoples Charity. He coming upon me unawares, ask'd me, *What I was doing there*? I came and ſhewed him the Bread, not being in a condition to give him another Anſwer, becauſe I had my Mouth full of it.

He took one of the beſt and largeſt pieces of the Three, which I ſhewed him, and ſaid to me, *In good faith, Lad, this is good Bread. It's too hard and dry*, replied I, *Sir, to be ſo admirable. But I vow and proteſt it is*, ſaid he, *prethee who gave it thee? was it made with clean Hands, canſt thou tell? I took it*, ſaid I, *without any Enquiry, and I eat it as you ſee, without any Squeamiſhneſs. God*

grant

grant it be cleanly made, continued he; and putting it to his Mouth, he began to devour it with as great an Appetite as I did mine; ſaying at every morſel he bit, *This is admirable Bread, as ever I eat in my days.*

Obſerving the haſte he made, I thought good to haſten my pace, leaſt he having done before me, ſhould be ſo kind and courteous, as to proffer me his farther Aſſiſtance.

We both laboured ſo well, that we ended together at the ſame Inſtant. He then gently bruſhed off the Crums from his Clothes, and entred into a kind of Pantry, whence he drew out an old broken Jarr, and having drank out of it, he lovingly invited me to the ſame. I anſwered him (feigning great Sobriety) *Sir, I drink no Wine: But you may drink Water*, ſaid he, *for that's the Li-*

quor

quor I offer thee. I took the Pot and drank, or pretended ſo to do, for it was not Thirſt that moſt tormented me.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

An Account of the Squire's Bed.

WE paſt the reſt of the Day, he in asking me Queſtions, and I in anſwering them the beſt I could; and Night being come, he made me go into the Room, whence he fetch'd his Pot of Water, and ſaid to me, *Come let's make my Bed, to the end thou maiſt learn how to do it in my Abſence.* I paſs'd then on one ſide, and he on the other, and thus ſoon made an end of the Buſineſs.

This Bed conſiſted of an Hurdle laid over with two wretched Treſſes, a ſilly rotten hard Mat, and on that his Bed-Clothes, which, for want of waſhing, differed little from the Mat. We adjuſted all, however, as well as we could: When the Mat was

was ſpread on the Hurdle, every ſtick appeared like to the Ribs of a lean Calf: We ſpread over on this a Coverlet, ſuitable to the reſt of the Gear; 'tis hard to ſay of what ſtuff it was. It being almoſt Night, *Lazarillo*, ſaid he, *'tis now too late to go to the Market, it being a long way hence, and beſides, a Man cannot ſafely paſs the Streets for Ruffins and Thieves, who ſnatch off Mens Hats, Cloaks, or Swords in the Dark; let's therefore paſs over this Night, as well as we can, to Morrow, God willing, we ſhall be better provided. The reaſon why I am no better ſtored with Proviſion is, becauſe I have hitherto wanted a Servant, and am uſed to eat in the City; but now we ſhall keep new and better Orders. Sir,* ſaid I, *'pray' take no Care for me; I can paſs very well a day or two without Meat. Thou wilt therefore,* ſaid he, *live the longer, if the Sayings*

ings of Wiſe Men be true; That a ſlender Diet maintains Health. *Well*, ſaid I, *then, I believe I ſhall never die; for I have always kept to this Rule, though againſt my Will, and am afraid muſt obſerve it for ever.*

After this he went to Bed, making his Hoſe and Dublet his Bolſter, and cauſing me to lie at his Feet, where I never ſlept a wink; the hard Hurdle galling my naked Bones, which through Hunger and Sorrow, had but little Fleſh on them. I curſed then my hard Fortune a Thouſand times; and the greateſt vexation of all, was, I durſt not change ſides for fear of diſturbing him.

When he aroſe in the Morning, he began to ſhake and clean his Hoſe, Dublet and Cloak; I was his Bruſh, and ſo he dreſs'd himſelf with great leaſure. Then I gave him Water to waſh; and having

having Comb'd himſelf, he takes his Sword and kiſſeth it, and putting it on, ſaid to me, *Lazarillo, didſt thou know the worth of this Blade, thou wouldſt bleſs thy ſelf: no Gold can purchaſe it; for as many as* Antonio *made, he could never give ſuch Temper to any as to this.* Then drawing it out of the Scabbard, he taſted the Edge with his Fingers, ſaying, *Doſt thou obſerve; I'll undertake to cut through a whole Fleece of Wool with it.* Whereunto I anſwered ſoftly, *And I'll undertake to cut through a Six Penny Loaf with my Teeth, though they be not of ſuch hard Metal.*

Then up went the Sword, which he hung at his Girdle, and ſo march'd forth into the Street, keeping exact time with his Feet, holding his head up like a Turky-cock, throwing the end of his Cloak ſometimes over his Shoulder,

and

and otherwhiles under his Arm, with his right Hand always on his ſide. At his going out, ſaid he, Lazarillo, *I go to Maſs, in the mean time make the Bed, and ſet the Chamber to rights, and afterwards go to the River and fill our Jarr with Water: But be ſure, whatever thou doſt, have a care of the Door, for fear of Thieves, leaſt any of 'em rob us; and lay the Key in* this *private place, that I may have it, ſhould I chance to return before thee.* Having ſaid theſe words, out he marched, with ſuch a ſtately Air, and Geſture, that a Man would ſwear, who had not known him, that he was at leaſt ſome Grandee of *Spain*.

Being then alone, I could not forbear lifting up my hands with Admiration; *Lord*, ſaid I, *who looking on my Maſter's Countenance and Geſture, would think what a Supper and Lodging he had laſt Night,*

and

and but that he had well Breakfasted this Morning? Who would imagine such a noble Gentleman eat nothing all yesterday, but one piece of Bread, which his Servant Lazarillo *had kept a day and a night in his Bosom? Wherefore to say the Truth, it could not be very clean: Who would suspect he had dried this morning his Face and Hands on the inside of his Coat, for want of a Towel? Good God, how many are there in the World, who for the sake of a little Bravery, do suffer more, than they would for the love of Thee!*

CHAP. XIII.

He turns Mumper again. His Maſter's Diſcourſe thereupon.

THus did I ſtand, as it were in an ecſtaſie, on the threſhold of the Door, with my Arms croſs my Stomach, and mine Eyes fix'd on the Squire, till he had turned up the corner of the Street. Having loſt ſight of him, I went back into the Houſe and ranſack'd every corner of it from top to bottom, there being nothing to ſtay me but the wretched Bed, which I ſoon made. I took then the Jarr, and went to the River, where I eſpied my Maſter in a Garden, entertaining himſelf with Two Ladies, who were mask'd. They were of that ſort, as are wont

wont to Breakfaſt along the Banks of this River, without bringing any thing along with them to eat, in hopes of meeting with thoſe that would furniſh them.

My Squire then was walking between theſe Two Vertuous Ladies deviſing a Thouſand Gallantries, and charming their Ears with ſofter and ſmoother Language than ever *Ovid* wrote. Theſe good Ladies finding him ſufficiently enamoured with them, I heard 'em make a motion to him of giving them a Treat. But his Purſe being as cold as his Love was hot, he was here ſtruck dead; a cold ſweat might be ſeen on his Face, his Colour was changed, and he became Speechleſs. They being well vers'd in the World, immediately found out his Diſtemper, and ſhamefully threw him off.

I employed my ſelf, during this Scene, in gnawing ſome Colwort

Stalks for my Breakfaſt; and having fill'd my Jarr with Water, without being perceived by my Maſter, I returned home, intending to ſweep ſome part of the Houſe that had moſt need, but the duce a bit of a Broom could I find to do it withal; ſo that not knowing whereon to employ my ſelf, I was reſolved to expect patiently till Noon, my Maſter's Return, hoping he might bring home ſomething with him for our Dinner.

I tarried for him in vain, it ſtriking Two a Clock and he not come; whereupon I loſt all patience, and preſs'd with Hunger, *which makes*, as the Proverb ſays, *the Woolf leave the Wood*; I left my diſmal Abode, ſhut the Door after me, and went to take up mine old Trade again.

I went begging about from Door to Door, with a low and languiſhing Voice;

Voice; my Hands thruſt into my Boſom, and mine Eyes turned up towards Heaven, and the Names of more Saints in my Mouth than ever were in the world; not failing to ſtop at thoſe Houſes, where there ſeemed moſt likelihood of getting any thing.

I had ſuck'd in this Art, as I may ſay, with my Milk, learning all the Secrets of it from my blind Maſter; who was certainly the greateſt Artiſt in the World at it. I had made ſo good uſe of his Leſſons in this occaſion, that before it was Four of the Clock, notwithſtanding our Citizens hard heartedneſs, and the bad Year, I had ſecured a pound of Bread in my belly, and twice as much in my Boſom and Sleeves. I then returned Home, and paſſing through the Market, a good Woman gave me a piece of Neats-Foot, and a few bits of boiled Tripe. I found

at my Return Home, my poor Squire, who had already folded up his Cloak; and having laid it on the Bench, took large ſtrides walking in the Court. As I came in, he made up to me, I thought to quarrel with me for ſtaying ſo long; but, poor Man, he was of a more peaceable Temper; for he only asked me, *Where I had been. In good Truth, Sir*, ſaid I, *I ſtaid here till paſt Two a Clock, and ſeeing you not Return, I have been about the Town, recommending my ſelf to the Charity of good People, who have given me what you ſee here*, added I, in ſhewing him the Bread and Tripe, which I pulled out of my Sleeves and Boſom.

I knew this ſight rejoiced him; however, he was pleaſed to ſay, *Staying ſo long I have dined; I do not blame thee; it's better to beg than to ſteal: Only be careful of my* Honour, *and let it not be known*

thou

thou belongſt to me. This is an eaſie Task, ſaid I, *for I have no great Acquaintance in this Town, and I wiſh with all my Heart, I had never come here. 'Pray', Sir, be not ſollicitous about this Matter; the World has other Employment, than to come and ask me ſuch kind of Queſtions. Well eat then,* poor Lazarillo, ſaid he to me, *we ſhall be better accommodated one of theſe days; for, to ſpeak the Truth, I believe this is an unfortunate Houſe to me. Since I firſt ſet Foot into it, all conveniencies are wanting; it's certainly built in an ill place; it lies under a Curſe, I believe: ſome Houſes there are, in which the moſt lucky Man in the World ſhall never thrive: wherefore I ſhall live here no longer than this Month, might I have the Houſe for nothing.*

CHAP. XIV.

He dines his Maſter, the Squire, as well as himſelf, with what he had begg'd.

I ſat down in the midſt of this Diſcourſe, on an end of the Bench, and began to eat, to make him believe I was ſtill Faſting: When I beheld my Hungry Squire, though without ſeeming to take notice of it, hold his Eyes fix'd on my Boſom and Skirt, which ſerved me both for a Table and Napkin.

God pity me, as much as I then pitied this poor Man: I felt his Diſtemper as much as he did himſelf; my experience rendring me ſenſible enough in theſe caſes. I knew not whether I ſhould invite him or not; for having told me he

he had dined, I thought he would make it a point of Honour to refuſe me: However, I was very willing to deliver him from the pain I ſaw him in, and to impart to him what I had, as I had done before. Beſides, I had better Chear to treat him with, and could better ſpare it than formerly.

Both our deſires were at length accompliſhed; for, having begun to eat, he made up to me in his Walk, ſaying, *I vow and proteſt*, Lazarillo, *thou haſt the beſt Grace* in Eating, *of any man in the World; the bare ſeeing thee Eat, will make a Man's ſtomach return, though he dined never ſo well but an hour before.*

A very pretty Introduction, thought I; a body would think thy Hunger might ſpare Apologies, and make thee forget theſe Fooleries. However, to help him forward, I ſaid to him, *Sir, 'tis*

good Work, that makes a good Workman: This is excellent good Bread, and this Neats-Foot —— *How, Neats-Foot?* cried he, interrupting me, *Yes Sir*, replied I, *Neats-Foot. If it be ſo then*, replied he, *I have this to ſay to thee, Thou haſt the beſt Meat in the World; and, in my Fancy, there's no Partridge or Pheaſant comes near it. 'Pray' Sir*, ſaid I, *do me the honour to taſte it* (putting at the ſame time the Neats-Foot into his Hands, between Two ſlices of the beſt Bread I had) *and you'll find in effect 'tis a dainty for a Prince, ſo well is it ſod and ſeaſoned.*

He ſate down by me without further Entreaty, and began to eat, or rather devour, what I had given him, to the very Bones, which hardly eſcaped the Fury of his Appetite. *O!* ſays he, *what delicious Meat is this?* The Sauce, thought I, wherewith thou eateſt it,

it, will make every thing reliſh well. *In good faith*, added he, at laſt, *I have eaten this with as good an Appetite, as if I had eaten nothing all the day. I do not at all queſtion it*, ſaid I to my ſelf; *a Man may ſafely ſwear as much.*

He bad me give him the Pot of Water, which was as full as when I brought it; and ſeeing he had forgotten to drink, judge ye whether he had remembred to eat. We paſt over Eight or Ten days in this manner, in every one of which my Maſter failed not to go take the Air through the Streets, with the ſame ſtately Motion, and affected Gate, leaving me the Care of providing for the Family.

I often reflected on the Frowardneſs of my Fortune; which having taken me out of the Hands of Two covetous Maſters, who ſo ſcantily fed me, had now made

me

me find one, who was ſo far from maintaining me, that I kept him from ſtarving. Yet I bore him no ill will, but on the contrary heartily pitied him.

I was fully ſatisfied of his Miſery. One day when he roſe in his Shirt to go to the top of the Houſe to eaſe himſelf, I felt in his Breeches, which he had left at his Beds Head, and found only a ſmall Velvet Purſe, in which there was not ſo much as one ſingle Farthing, nor the leaſt ſign any had been there for this Ten Years. *'Tis a poor miſerable Wretch*, ſaid I; *no body can give what he has not.* 'Twas not the ſame with the covetous Prieſt, nor crafty blind Man, who made me ſtarve, although God had given them ſufficient; it coſting the one but a *Pax tecum*, and the other a *God reſtore it you.* 'Twas theſe Tigers I had reaſon to hate, for as to my poor Squire, in my Con-

Conſcience, I believe he would have been very liberal, had he had wherewithal. And truly, when I meet with ſuch ſort of People in the ſame Garb, like Port and Gravity, I cannot but pity 'em; imagining they live in the ſame manner, as the poor Squire, my Maſter, did. Well, notwithſtanding the unlikelihood of growing rich in his Service, I ſhould preferr the ſerving of him a Thouſand times before the others. Yet one thing there was in him which I could not approve of, to wit, his intolerable Pride and Vanity. I would have had him known himſelf better, and conſidered that *his condition required other Manners.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

The Extremities to which the Squire and Lazarillo *were reduced.*

HOwever, this hindred me not from living quietly with him: But this Year happening to be a Year of great ſcarcity of Proviſions, the Magiſtrates of the City ſet forth a Proclamation, enjoining all poor People, that were Strangers, to depart out of the City; ſuch as were found there after ſuch a time, being to be puniſhed with Stripes. I ſaw whole droves of poor People whipp'd out of the Town; and this, for a great while together, was the daily ſight; which ſtruck ſuch Terrour in me, that I dared not run the hazard of Begging any more.

Then

Then might you have ſeen a ſtrange kind of Diet, and ſilence in our Family. We paſs'd over Three days without eating a Bit, or ſpeaking a Word. It happened well for me that I had gotten ſome ſmall Acquaintanee, with certain poor Women our Neighbours, who lived on Spinning and Knitting of Caps. They, alaſs, were not able to do much for me; yet that little they gave me, ſaved my Life, and hindred me from Starving.

I more pitied my poor *Squire* than my ſelf; for the Duce a Bit did this miſerable Sinner eat, for Eight Days together at leaſt, as I know of. I cannot tell where he went, nor what he did; yet you might ſee him ſometimes come up the Street, ſtrutting like a Big Belly'd Woman, and looking ſmilingly like a Man that had dined with his Prince. He would ſtand

at our Door with his Tooth-pick in his Hand, picking thoſe Teeth which had little need for any thing that had ſtuck in them with eating; lamenting ſtill the unluckineſs of the Houſe we dwelt in; *It grieveth me*, ſaid he, *to ſee how all our Sorrow comes of this Houſe; thou ſeeſt how dark and uncomfortable it is; and as long as we live here, we are like to be thus unhappy; would the Month were out, that we might get far from it.*

We lived in this miſery, perſecuted by Hunger, when one day, I know not by what Chance, a *Ryal*, (a piece of Money to the value of Six Pence,) fell into his hands. He came home as great in his own thoughts, as if he had had all the Treaſures of the *Indies* in his Poſſeſſions; he gave it me tranſported with joy, ſaying, *Here*, Lazarillo, *God begins to open his Hand; go to the Market, buy Bread,*

Bread, and Wine, and Fleſh; and feaſt in ſpight of the Devils Malice againſt us; and to compleat thy Joy, know, that I have hired another Houſe; and that we ſhall tarry here in this unhappy Abode no longer than the end of this Month. Curſed be him (continued he without giving me leave to Anſwer) *that laid the firſt Stone for it. As I am a Gentleman,* adds he, *not a drop of Wine, nor the leaſt Crum of Fleſh has went down my Throat all the time I have lived here; neither have I had a Moment of Reſt in it; ſo that I believe hardly can a Man find a more dark, diſmal and ſorrowful Place. Go, and return quickly; we ſhall Dine to day like Princes.*

I took my *Ryal* and Jarr, and haſtily bruſh'd along the Street towards the Market-place, with that joy, as is ſcarely to be imagined; and as I ran along, thanking God for the Aſſiſtance he had

ſent

ſent us, and counting on my Fingers, how I ſhould lay out my Money, I ſaw a dead Corps appear, which was carrying to the Grave, attended by a great Convoy of Prieſts. I planted my ſelf againſt a Wall, and after the Corps was paſs'd by, I ſaw a Woman in deep Mourning, followed by ſeveral others, who lamented in a moſt piteous manner; And, the better to expreſs her Grief, I heard her ſay: *Alaſs my poor Husband! whither are they going to carry thee? To the dark and diſmal Houſe: To the uncomfortable and ſorrowful Houſe: To the Houſe were they neither eat nor drink.*

The place of our Dwelling appeared to me ſo exactly deſcribed in this Woman's Expreſſions, as made me break through the Crowd, running down the Street, as faſt as I could, directly Home, where locking and barricadoing the Door

in

in all haſte, calling out to my Maſter for help, and embracing him, I emplored his Aid and Aſſiſtance; whereat he was not a little ſtartled, thinking it had been ſome other Matter, demanding of me what might be the occaſion of all this. *O Sir*, ſaid I, *keep faſt the Door; for they are a going to bring in a dead Coarſe here.* Whereupon I up and told him what I had ſeen and heard in the Street; and he, notwithſtanding his Miſery, fell into an hearty fit of Laughter; which being over, he ſent me on my former Errand.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The Reaſons which moved the Squire to come to Toledo.

I Had a great deſire to know, what occaſion'd his Arrival at *Toledo*; for I perceived at my firſt coming to him, that he was a perfect Stranger in theſe Parts. My Curioſity was at length ſatisfied; for, being one day in better Humour than ordinary, we having made a reaſonable good Dinner, he related to me all his Adventures. He told me he was of *Old Caſtile*, and only left his Country, becauſe he would not be oblig'd to put off his Cap to a Perſon of Quality, his near Neighbour. *But Sir*, ſaid I, *if he were above you by his Birth and Eſtate, as you ſeem to acknowledge, you ought certainly to Salute him firſt,*

firſt, without doing your ſelf any injury; ſeeing that on his part, he was not behind hand with you in Civility. All this is true, ſaid he to me; *but yet he ought to begin once, and force me to let him Salute me firſt, in laying hold on my Hand, when he ſaw I began to put it to my Hat. Truly, Sir, for my part,* ſaid I, *I ſhould not have been ſo rigidly exact in theſe Matters. Thou art but a Young Man,* replied he, *and doſt not underſtand theſe Points of Honour, which are the only ſtudy and concern of People of Quality. However, let me tell thee this, That though I am but a bare Squire, and ſhould meet a Lord in the Streets, and he Saluted not me in as full and lowly a manner as I him, I ſay, in as full a manner, the next time I met him, I would turn into ſome Houſe, feigning Buſineſs there, or elſe paſs by and take no notice of him. Doſt thou*

obſerve

obſerve what I ſay? continued he: *Excepting God and the King, a Gentleman is to yield to no one, and ſuch a one ought to ſet a juſt Value on himſelf. I remember, one day, I met with a Neighbour of mine, whom I had like to have run through the Guts; for, in meeting me, he gave me this Salutation,* God ſave your Worſhip, Sir. God ſave your Worſhip, *ſaid I,* Goodman Loggerhead; is this your way of ſaluting a Man of my Quality? *The poor Man whenever he met me afterwards, would afar off do vn with his Hat to the Ground, and ſo word his Complement, that I never afterwards had occaſion to quarrel with him.*

I could not forbear ſaying to him here, *'Pray', Sir, inform me, where's the wrong, in ſaying to a Man,* God ſave you, *or* God give you Happineſs? *Thou art a very ſilly Fellow,* anſwered he, *in theſe Matters:*

ters: This Form of Salutation is not amiſs to ordinary People; but, to a Perſon of my Quality, the leaſt that can be ſaid, is, Sir, your Humble Servant; *or, if ſhorter,* Your Servant Sir, *provided he that I meet be a Gentleman. Whence thou maiſt underſtand, whether I had not reaſon to complain of this Gentleman in our Country; who, to tell the Truth, would at every Rencounter, out with his* God ſave you, Sir. *Surely, I think I ſhall not take this Form of Salutation from any ones Hands, but the King; though your Worſhip was put at the end of it to ſoften it.* Where am I now, *ſaid I to my ſelf?* What help can I expect from a Man who takes it ill, that any one ſhould deſire God to help him?

Neither am I ſo poor, continued the Squire, *but that I have in my Country certain Houſes; which had they*

they been built according to my deſire, and ſtood in Valladolid, *they would be worth at leaſt an Hundred or Two hundred Pounds; not to mention a Dove-Houſe, whence I could draw every Year an Hundred or Two of Pigeons, beſides other things; all which I forſook on the account of mine Honour. I retired into this City, expecting to meet with ſome good Fortune, but matters have not fallen out as I expected. I intended to have been Gentleman to ſome Nobleman; and I do really believe, had I light on ſuch a one, I ſhould have been taken into his Boſom; ſo well could I diſſemble with him, and humour him: I would have burſt forth into Laughter at the ſorrieſt of his Jeſts, applauded his Wit, though he had been the greateſt Blockhead in* Europe; *never have mentioned what might diſpleaſe him, though his Life and Honour lay at Stake: I would be*

always

always about his Perſon, ſeeming to be delighted with his Company above all Mens, and render my ſelf agreeable to him by all the Courtly Methods now in faſhion; often blame ſuch as are about him, that he may think me careful of his Intereſts; and, if he himſelf chides any of his Servants, then would I ſpeak ſome ſmooth Words, which may ſeem to be in favour of him that committed the Fault, though indeed it ſhould aggravate it. I would alſo hold a Correſpondence with buſie Bodies, and Enquirers into other Peoples Concerns; whereby I ſhould never want matters to entertain his Lordſhip with; and with theſe Qualifications, I could domineer over his Servants, and engroſs his Favour wholly to my ſelf. For if a Man be vertuouſly inclined, conſciencious, and a lover of Truth and Honeſty, he will ſoon be diſcarded, and look'd upon as a melancholy, whimſical Fellow in theſe

great Families, and wholly unfit for Converſation in the World. I believe, though I ſay it, there's no Man alive, could better behave himſelf in theſe Circumſtances; but 'tis not my Fortune to meet with ſuch a Noble Patron.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

How the Squire was interrupted. An Inventory of his Movables. He leaves his Servant Lazarillo *in the Lurch.*

THus did my Maſter, the Squire, lament his Ill fortune, and ſo pleaſed was he with this Diſcourſe, that he would have held it on till night, had he not been interrupted by an Old Woman attended by a Man; the firſt came for Money for the uſe of the Bed, the ſecond for the Rent of the Houſe; both their Summs put together came to about Six or Seven Shillings; more Money than he touch'd in a whole Year. He gave them very good Words, telling them he was now going out to Change a broad Piece;

ſo that if they would be there at Night, they ſhould not fail of their Money.

He went out indeed, but never came in: And his Creditors failed not to come at the appointed time; but they were forced to put off the Buſineſs till the next Morning, it being late, and he not returned. I dared not to lie in the Houſe alone, and therefore went to the Neighbours, related to them what had paſs'd, and got a Lodging amongſt them.

In the Morning the *Creditors* returned to proſecute their Point, enquired for the Squire amongſt the Neighbours; but the Bird was flown. The good Women ſaid to 'em, *Here's his Valet, and the Key of the Door, and this is all we know.* They asked me, *What was become of my Maſter?* I anſwered, *I knew no more than they, he not having appeared ſince he went to change his*

his broad Piece, and that I was greatly afraid he was gone away with the change, and left us all in the Lurch.

The *Creditors* hereupon fetch'd an Officer and a Scrivener, and taking the Key, they opened the Door in the preſence of Witneſſes to ſieze and appraiſe the Goods, that they might be paid; but, having, ſearched all about the Houſe, they found no more Furniture than what I have already mentioned. They then demanded of me, *Where my Maſter had conveyed all his Furniture? Where he had ſent his Plate, Money and Jewels?* I anſwered them, *I thought they were very merrily diſpoſed, in putting ſuch a Queſtion. Without doubt,* ſaid the Creditors, *he has conveyed away all this laſt Night; 'pray', therefore, Mr. Serjeant, lay hold on this his Servant, he muſt give us an account where*

they are carried. The Officer hereupon came to me; and taking me by the Collar ſaid, to affright me, *That if I did not diſcover what I knew, he was going to lay me up in a Dungeon.*

I was never ſo terrified in all my Life, and therefore I promiſed to tell them any thing. *Very well then,* replied the Officer, growing now calm, *give us a Categorical Anſwer to what we ſhall ask, and then you need not fear any thing.* The Scrivener then ſate down on the Bench, to write his Inventory, asking me firſt in general, *What Eſtate my Maſter had? Sir,* ſaid I, *my Maſter told me that he had a great deal of fair Ground to build Houſes on; and, beſides, a Dove-houſe, but which is wholly ruined at preſent. Very well,* ſaid the Creditors, *how little ſoever, theſe may be worth, yet certainly here's enough to pay us. But where abouts*

in

in the Town is this Place? ſaid the Scrivener to me. *In his own Country, and not in this Town,* anſwered I. *Then we are all fairly fitted,* replied they. *And of what Country is he then?* continued the Scrivener. *He told me he was of* Old Caſtile, ſaid I. The Scrivener and Serjeant burſt out into a fit of Laughter at this laſt Anſwer of mine, ſaying to thoſe that had employed them, *Here's enough to pay us all, we need no more. Gentlemen,* ſaid the Neighbours, who had been all this while preſent, *you ſpeak to a poor innocent Lad, who has been with the Squire but a few days, and knows no more of his Affairs than you do. Alas, the poor Creature is always with us, and we have relieved him as much as we are able, and kept him hitherto from ſtarving.*

My Innocency being thus juſtified, they asked me no more Queſtions. But the Man and the Old Woman came not off at ſo cheap a Rate: For the Queſtion was, who ſhould pay the Charges; whereupon aroſe a great Noiſe, the Serjeant and Scrivener demanding their Fees. The Creditors pretended, that ſeeing there was nothing in the Houſe, and conſequently no ſiezure made, there could be no Fees due. And they alledged, they had left ſeveral Buſineſſes, wherein they ſhould have gotten more, to attend them.

In fine, after much crying and tempeſting on both ſides, in the concluſion, the Serjeant and Scrivener, loaded a Porter with the Coverlet belonging to the Old Woman. Although the Load, as may be gathered from what I ſaid before of it, was not very great,

great, yet every one bore a part of it; the Creditors and Officers holding each of 'em a Corner of it, and pulling and ſtriving who ſhould carry it off, the weakeſt being drawn away by the ſtrongeſt. I know not where they ſetled to end their difference, neither do I know how 'twas at laſt decided; yet this I dare ſwear, that the Coverlet paid for all, it not being in a condition to hold out long againſt all their Attacks.

Thus did my Third Maſter leave me, whereby I perceived that Fortune went continually againſt me; for we ſee Servants every day leave their Maſters, but Maſters ſeldom their Servants.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Lazarillo *enters into the Service of a Friar, and afterwards into that of a Pardon-monger.*

I Was now to ſeek for a Fourth Maſter, whom I found by the means of my good Neighbours, he being a Friar, and (as they ſaid) of kin to them. He was a great Enemy to the Choire and Common Table; who loved only to gad abroad, and ſee the World; whereby, I believe, he wore out more Shooes than all the *Convent* beſides. The firſt Shooes I ever wore, I had from him; but, being obliged to follow him up and down, I was preſently ready for another pair. Being not able for want of ſtrength, to endure theſe

continual

continual Marches, and accommodate my ſelf to certain ſottiſh Humours of his, which I do not think fit to mention, though I thought good to leave him.

I afterwards paſt over into the Service of a pretended *Pardonmonger*, a ſpecial Rogue, if ever there was one in the World; having a Thouſand Tricks and Devices to put off his falſe Ware.

As ſoon as he came into a Village, the firſt Viſit he made, was to the Curate, or his Vicars, to make them his Friends, by means of ſome ſmall Preſents. Before he accoſted them, he had an account of their Abilities. If they were Scholars, then he would be ſure not to ſpeak to them in *Latin*, but content himſelf with Complementing them in *Spaniſh*; but if thoſe he applied himſelf to were ignorant People, then would he confound them with hard Words;

Words, and barbarous Terms, which neither he nor they underſtood, whereby they gaped in an Amazement at his Learning.

When he could not put off his Pardons, by ordinary and common ways, then would he have recourſe to extraordinary ones. He preached up for Two or Three days the great Efficacy of his Pardons, in certain places belonging to the Archbiſhop of *Toledo*'s Dioceſs; and though he forgot no Artifice to put them off, yet no body came to buy one of them, neither was there any likelihood of a better Market; which brought him into ſuch fits of Rage, as made him curſe and foam like a Madman. Yet at laſt, he fell on this Stratagen. He gave the People then to underſtand, That he was on the point of Departure, and would therefore take his leave of them the next morning, after he

he had made the laſt Publication of his Pardons. He was attended (according to Cuſtom) by an Officer of Juſtice, with whom he ſtruck into Play after Supper.

They pretended a Quarrel about a Caſt, and thereupon fell into high Words. My Maſter ſaid, *The Officer was a Rogue, and he could prove him one*; and he, on the other hand, affirmed, *My Maſter was a Cheat.* The firſt ſiezed on an half Pike, which he found near at Hand, and the other clapped his Hand to his Sword.

At the noiſe which we made, the Hoſt and Hoſteſs, together with ſeveral of the Neighbourhood, ran in betwixt them, who ſtrove in appearance to make a Rejoinder and kill one another. But the People which came in Crowds, drawn thither by the great noiſe which ſounded all about,

bout, taking their Weapons from them, they afreſh began to injure one another with words; and the Officer fail'd not to call my Maſter Cheat, charging him with drawing up the *Bulls* himſelf, and impoſing Counterfeit Pardons on the People.

There ſeeming no likelihood of according them, the Officer, therefore, was carried to another Houſe, and the Pardon-monger remained in the Inn, with all the marks of a Man highly provoked. The Hoſt and Hoſteſs, together with the Neighbours, uſed all their endeavours to appeaſe him, but to no purpoſe; wherefore they were forced, it being late, to take their leave of him; and ſo we went to Bed.

The next Morning, my Maſter got to the Church, and there aſſembled the People. Thoſe who had been Witneſſes of the former days

days Quarrel, fail'd not to publiſh what they had heard the Officer ſay; ſo that every body now ſuſpected the Fraud. To hear theſe Villagers murmur, I thought our Affairs were ruined in this place, and I would have willingly told my Maſter as much, if I dared.

In the mean time came the Officer, aſſuring the people, there was nothing trurer than what he affirmed laſt Night; and that, of his Knowledge, the *Bull* was Counterfeited. My Maſter heard him with great Calmneſs, and let him ſay what he would. But at length lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, and afterwards turning them on the Officer with Indignation, he pronounced a Curſe on him as a Slanderer. Which proved ſo weighty, that the poor Officer was thrown on his Back by it, with that violence, that the Pave-

ment

ment reſounded again; when he began immediately to foam at the Mouth, and ſpread out his Legs and Hands, to gnaſh his Teeth, and to be in ſuch Convulſions, as affrighted all People from coming near him. Yet at length, the boldeſt and ſtrongeſt amongſt them caught hold, ſome on his Hands, and others on his Legs. Never any Skittiſh Mule gave ſo many kicks with his Feet, as this malicious Officer. There were above Fifteen Men upon him, and yet they could not Maſter him; and if he could but get an Hand looſe, he would be ſure to take them over the Face. My Maſter was all this while in the Pulpit on his Knees, his Eyes and Hands lifted up to Heaven, in ſuch an Ecſtacy, that all the noiſe in the Church, could not bring him to mind what was doing below. However, ſome compaſſionate People

People came up to him, and pulling him by the Sleeve, desired him for the love of God, to try whether he could not by his Prayers, take off the Curse which he had justly laid on this Officer, who had so vilely and maliciously Slandered him.

At length my Master suffered himself to be awakened out of his Trance, and casting his Eyes on them, saith, *To shew that I forgive him, I desire we may all go together and pray for him; and that, if for his Wickedness, God has suffered any evil Spirit to enter into him, it might please him to cast him forth again.* They all then fell on their Knees before the Altar, and having Sung the *Letany*, my Master came with the Cross and Holy Water, with his Eyes and Hands so lift up to Heaven, that nothing but a little of the Whites appeared: Then did he

he begin a no leſs long than devout Prayer, wherein he deſired that the poor Offender, who was ſeduced by the Devil, might be delivered from his Power and Tyranny, and reſtored to his former Senſes. Then he ſent for one of the Pardons, and laying it on the Patients Head, he began to amend, and by degrees to come to himſelf. As ſoon as he got up, he fell down on his Knees to my Maſter, begging in a moſt pathetick manner his Pardon, acknowledging, that whatever he had ſpoke againſt the Pardons, was at the meer inſtigation of the *Devil*, who greatly laboured to hinder People from receiving the benefit of them. In ſhort, my Maſter freely forgave him, and they were made Friends.

Hereupon followed ſuch a Trade for Pardons, that neither Male nor Female, Young nor Old, in all

all the neighbouring Parts, but would have one. So that my Maſter put off near Ten or Twelve thouſand, without giving himſelf the trouble of Preaching one Sermon for that purpoſe. I ſilly wretch as I was, greatly marvelled at this ſtrange accident, believing with the People, that all this whole proceeding had been truly miraculous; till I heard my Maſter and the Officer laughing and joaking in private, at the Peoples ſimplicity: Then I plainly underſtood the Roguery of the whole Contrivance, and reflected within my ſelf, how many ſuch Cheats are uſed in the world, to deceive the ignorant and credulous People. From that time I conceived ſuch a Deteſtation at this abominable Cheat, that I could ſtay no longer with him, and therefore I left him, having been in his Service about Six Months.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Lazarillo *ſerves a Painter; a Church-man; and after theſe a Serjeant; and laſtly becomes a Common* Cryer.

I Afterwards ſerved a *Painter*, who employed me to grind his Colours, but I ſoon grew weary of this Maſter: And being now grown to Man's Eſtate, I endeavoured to find out ſome Employ more proper for me; when entring one day into the Cathedral, one of the Chaplains caſting his Eyes on me, and liking my Looks, gave me an Aſs in Charge, with Four Tankards and a Whip, to ſell Water up and down the Town, and this was the firſt Step of my Preferment; for we had regulated our Affairs in this manner:

I was to bring my Chaplain every day Six Pence, excepting *Saturday*, which day I had to my ſelf; and what I could gain beſides over and above my ſtinted allowance. I plaid my Cards ſo well, that at Four Years end, I was able to buy an old ſuit of Clothes, together with an old Faſhioned Sword and Belt; and being thus gentilely Apparelled, I thought my ſelf too great to follow my uſual Employment, and therefore gave up the Aſs to my Maſter again, together with the Tackle, and ſo took my leave of him.

I after this betook my ſelf to ſerve a Serjeant, but I was ſoon weary of this place, for the danger that attended it. My Maſter having Arreſted a certain Perſon, who got out of our Hands into the Church; the people thence drove out my Maſter with Stones and Staves; and though I was ſo light heel'd

heel'd that they could not overtake me, I however quitted my Place upon it; and ſtudying to find ſome more profitable and honourable Employ, through favour of my Friends, I obtained the Office of a *Common-Cryer*: My Buſineſs was to give notice of ſuch things as are to be ſold; whereby I became a noted Man, beloved and reſpected by all the Town.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Lazarillo *Marries Mr. Archdeacons Maid.*

I Had the Honour to be employed by Mr. Archdeacon in the crying his Wines, who having a good Opinion of my Honeſty, Married me with his Maid. I conſidered ſuch a Match could not be any ways diſadvantageous to me. The Wife he gave me proves a good Houſewife, and Maſter Archdeacon aſſiſts and protects me for her ſake. He preſents us every Year with a Load of Wheat, and againſt good times, ſends us in ſeveral Joints of Meat, and gives us all his caſt Clothes. He made us take a little Houſe near him, and, for the moſt part, on *Sundays* we Dine with him. Whence

Whence it is that ill Tongues ſpare not to ſay ſeveral things contrary to my Wife's Honour, at which I am not at all moved, for I know ſhe's not a Woman that's fleſhly given. Theſe Diſcourſes are ſo common, that Mr. Archdeacon was pleaſed to take notice of them himſelf, ſaying to me, before my Wife, *Friend*, Lazarillo, *he that minds what every body ſays may do himſelf hurt, but no good. I am very ſenſible what People ſay at thy Wife's frequenting my Houſe; let 'em talk on, mind thou thine own Intereſt, this thou may'ſt be ſure of, That I am thy Friend, will do thee all the good I can, but no hurt.* Sir, ſaid I, *I am very ſenſible of the Obligations I have to your Worſhip; yet I muſt ſay, and that the rather, my Wife being preſent, That ſhe has had ſeveral Children, before ſhe was Married, according to my Friends Reports.* At the hearing of this my

my Wife began to utter ſuch bitter Curſes and Oaths, that I was afraid the Houſe would have fallen down on our Heads; and after this fell a weeping, curſing the time ſhe ever Married me, ſo that I wiſhed I had been ſeveral Yards under Ground, when I uttered this Matter. Wherefore I, on the one ſide, and Maſter Archdeacon on the other, did all we could to comfort her, and make her leave weeping, vowing and ſolemnly promiſing I would never ſpeak a Syllable to her of that Subject, as long as I lived with her; and that I was withal contented ſhe ſhould frequent Mr. Archdeacon's Houſe Night and Day: Wherewith being pacified, we all grew Friends again. From this time, whenever I heard any Man mention a word of this Matter, I would hinder him from going forward, ſaying, *If you be my Friend, ſow not*

diſcord between me and my dear Wife, whom I love better than mine own Eyes; being willing at any time to ſwear by the Holy Maſs, That an honeſter Woman is not in the World; and he that ſaith the contrary, ſhall know I wear a Sword to vindicate her, and mine own Honour. After this Declaration, no body troubled me any more about that Matter, by which means I kept peace at home.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Lazarillo *gets acquainted with certain* Germans *of the Train of* Charles *the V. and what happened on this Occaſion.*

ABout this time the Emperor *Charles* V. made his Entrance into this City with all his Court. I ſhall not make any mention of the great Feaſtings, and other Solemnities for his Reception. Whilſt he was here, I got ſeveral conſiderable Acquaintances, going never without a Bottle of good Wine, and ſome of the Country Fruits, as a Token of my Trade. I by this means became acquainted with ſeveral *Germans* of the Emperor's Attendance: And being not hated by

the reſt of the World, I ſaw my ſelf ſo born up, that when I ſhould have committed a Murther, or fallen into ſome great misfortune, with the Friends and ſupports that I had, I ſhould come off Scot-free.

Whilſt my *Germans* were here, I reſorted to their Lodgings, and led them to ſuch places where the beſt Wine was Sold, of which they uſually drank ſo much, that he who went alone into the Tavern, uſually came out thence accompanied by Four or Five to hold him up. That which I liked beſt of all, was, They would not let me ſpend one Farthing, all the while I kept them Company. And whenever I put my hand to my Pocket, for Manners ſake only, they would be ready to quarrel with me; neither did we only drink together, but always had ſome good reliſhing Bit; ſometimes we had a Joint of Mutton

Sod

Sod in Wine, otherwhiles pieces of Bacon, or ſome ſuch like Meats, with which they would not only Feaſt me, but give me enough to carry Home, to ſerve my Wife and little Family an whole Week.

The good Chear I made, cauſed me to call to mind the Hunger I had heretofore endured. But, as the Proverb ſays, *Fair Weather does not laſt always.* For the Court left *Toledo*, and my kind Friends, the *Germans*, at their departure were very earneſt with me to go along with them: But remembring another Proverb, which tells us, *Better is the* Ill *which is known, than the* Good *which is yet to know*; I thank'd them heartily for their Civilities, and took our leaves of one another with a Thouſand Embraces, my Love to my Wife and little Daughter hindring me from accepting of their Proffers. I endeavoured to

comfort my ſelf with them, in the Solitude wherein my *German* Friends had left me. For, though I be in a great Town, and every where well known and received, yet methinks I am but in a Deſert. And, in Truth, I know not what would become of me, were it not for my little *Tereſa*, I ſay, my little Daughter; for I am cured of the Suſpicions I had, occaſioned by ſome Features of Reſemblance, which I thought to ſee on her Face; but my Wife, who would not tell a Lye for all the World, vowed to me in ſuch a manner, That no body gat her but my ſelf; that a Man muſt be very obſtinate not to believe her. In ſhort, my mind is at eaſe as to that Point. And I only think now of paſſing the reſt of my Days here in Quiet, and laying up ſomething to buy my Daughter an Husband.

THE

THE SECOND PART OF THE LIFE OF *Lazarillo de Tormes.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

I Would not have the Reader's Judgment impoſed on, with the purſuit of the Hiſtory of Lazarillo de Tormes, *which is Printed in* Engliſh; *the Adventures in it are forced, the Characters ſo ill upheld, and the whole Contrivance ſo piteouſly carried on, that it is eaſily ſeen, 'tis not* Lazarillo *that ſpeaks; but one that would have his dull Conceits paſs under a Name ſo well received by the Publick. What I here offer the Reader, is the faith-*

ful Tranſlation of ſome Fragments of the true Lazarillo, *which have fallen into my Hands, and on which this other, without doubt, had wrought, but with very ill ſucceſs.*

THE

THE LIFE OF *Lazarillo de Tormes.*

PART II.

CHAP. I.

Lazarillo *grows an ill Husband. Death of the* Archdeacon. Lazarillo's *Misery after his Death.*

MY *German* Friends had ſo accuſtomed me to drinking, that I could not leave the Tavern neither Day nor Night;

Night; and the worſt of it was, That I drank at my own coſt, ſo that in Five or Six Months time, I ſaw an end of what I had gotten.

I minded ſo little my Office of Cryer, that the profit I drew thence, was not ſufficient to bear half my Expences; when I wanted Money, my Wife was forced to ſupply me, to make me quiet. However, ſhe made no ſmall noiſe on her ſide; and Mr. Archdeacon had ſomething to do to pacifie us.

When I was in a condition to make uſe my Reaſon, I ſaw I was not altogether blameleſs. I ſometimes therefore offered violence to my ſelf, and ſtaid at home for Three or Four days together. But then could I tarry no longer, being every where uneaſie but at the Tavern; having ſo habituated my ſelf to thoſe Places, that

'twas

'twas in a manner impoſſible to leave them. Yet I had ſo much good Advice, and ſo ſeriouſly reflected thereon, that I ſhewed conſiderable Amendment, ſo that I now kept at home for a Week together. But whatever care I took of my ſelf, 'twas plainly ſeen that I did, as it were, force nature.

My Wife, who I am ſure loved me, could not ſee me long ſuffer; and moreover we ſeemed to incommode one another. Sitting one day in the Chimney-corner, ſhe and I alone, ſhe began to ſay to me, *She plainly perceived this was not the Courſe of Life I affected*: She therefore counſelled me to follow my inclinations, to be merry with my Friends, and to leave the reſt to her.

From that time, I found my Pockets well ſupplied, and Mr. Archdeacon and my Wife ſo changed

Night; and the worſt of it was, That I drank at my own coſt, ſo that in Five or Six Months time, I ſaw an end of what I had gotten.

I minded ſo little my Office of Cryer, that the profit I drew thence, was not ſufficient to bear half my Expences; when I wanted Money, my Wife was forced to ſupply me, to make me quiet. However, ſhe made no ſmall noiſe on her ſide; and Mr. Archdeacon had ſomething to do to pacifie us.

When I was in a condition to make uſe my Reaſon, I ſaw I was not altogether blameleſs. I ſometimes therefore offered violence to my ſelf, and ſtaid at home for Three or Four days together. But then could I tarry no longer, being every where uneaſie but at the Tavern; having ſo habituated my ſelf to thoſe Places, that

'twas

'twas in a manner impoſſible to leave them. Yet I had ſo much good Advice, and ſo ſeriouſly reflected thereon, that I ſhewed conſiderable Amendment, ſo that I now kept at home for a Week together. But whatever care I took of my ſelf, 'twas plainly ſeen that I did, as it were, force nature.

My Wife, who I am ſure loved me, could not ſee me long ſuffer; and moreover we ſeemed to incommode one another. Sitting one day in the Chimney-corner, ſhe and I alone, ſhe began to ſay to me, *She plainly perceived this was not the Courſe of Life I affected*: She therefore counſelled me to follow my inclinations, to be merry with my Friends, and to leave the reſt to her.

From that time, I found my Pockets well ſupplied, and Mr. Archdeacon and my Wife ſo changed

ed their tone, that 'twas they that preſſed me to leave the care of the Family to them, eſpecially when they ſaw I began to keep home. I did not pretend to dive into the reaſons of this, and without Enquiries whence our Income flowed, I led the eaſieſt Life in the World.

In the mean time my Wife was brought to Bed of a Son, and Mr. Archdeacon, who was his Godfather, *loved him as dearly as if he had been his own.* He daily ſaid to me, *That if he lived, he would ſee that he ſhould be as well brought up, as if he had been his own,* intending to make him his Heir. I admired the Kindneſs of this Man to a Child *which was not his own,* which made me ſpend my days merrily, referring the whole care and conduct of my Family, to my noble Patron, the *Archdeacon.*

Thus

Thus happily did I live, till Mr. Archdeacon's Sickneſs diſturbed our Felicity. He was ſiezed with ſuch a violent Fever, that in Three days time, he was reduced to the greateſt Extremity.

His Relations, who laid claim to his Eſtate, had ſoon notice of it, and therefore came crowding in upon him; and though it might ſeem, that their Intereſt ſhould divide them, yet they agreed too well for my profit. Their firſt care was, to forbid my Wife and I an entrance into the Houſe; and though the good Man often asked for us, they gave him ſo well to underſtand, that he muſt not any more think of the Things of this World, that he paſs'd quietly into the other; we not having ſo much as the comfort of taking our leave of him, or without beſtowing on us the leaſt

leaſt token of his Friendſhip.

One Misfortune ſeldom comes alone. The Archdeacon was a Man in Authority, ſo that he was not to be importuned for ſuch a trifle as the hire of our Houſe. It appeared after his Death, that there was Two Years Rent due. He that owed it was not of accord; that Mr. Archdeacon had taken it for us, becauſe his Heirs would not allow it; and therefore he immediately turned us out of Doors, and ſiezed on our few Moveables for the Payment of his Rent.

Of ſo many Friends wherewith I abounded Eight Days ago, not one appeared to help me in this urgent occaſion, or, to give me ſhelter; and had it not been for a Charitable Lady, who took my Wife to Suckle her Child, and charge of mine, I muſt immediately have Mump'd about the Streets,

as

as a poor decay'd Gentleman. In Truth, the Archdeacon's Death proved of worſe conſequence to me, than what could have happened by either Plague, War or Famine.

Yet I thought I had ſtill a ſtring left to my Bow in my Office of Cryer; but wretch as I was, having no Money to ſpend at Taverns, I could not any longer keep up a Correſpondency. Then did I deteſt my *Germans*, as much as I loved them before; and I found when 'twas too late, that having accuſtomed my ſelf to make good Chear in their Company, I had thereby put my ſelf into a condition of making bad Chear all the days of my Life.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Lazarillo *reſolves to make a Voyage to the* Indies. *He meets with the* Squire, *who relates to him his Adventures.*

WHat ſhould I do in this extremity? I knew no better courſe, than to ſeek my Fortune in the new World, ſeeing the Country wherein I was born and bred, would not relieve me. This was a beaten road, it being no new thing in *Spain*, when Buſineſſes do not ſucceed, to go into the *Indies* to repair what's wanting.

I reſolved then upon this Voyage. I ſold my Cryers Office to ſet me out, and having taken leave of my deſolate Family, and kiſs'd an hundred

hundred times my poor little *Tereſa*, I parted one fair morning from *Toledo* with a ſtick in my Hand, and a Snapſack on my Shoulder. I could not now endure hardſhip as heretofore; wherefore I made but ſmall Journies, and Husbanded my ſtock in the beſt manner I could.

One day that I ſet out very early, to advance on my way, I ſaw a Man walk very gently before me, wrapp'd up in his Cloak. He wore a long Sword, whoſe end peep'd through his Cloak, by a hole which it had made in it.

It was not yet the time for walking; ſo that I was ſurpriz'd to find in the High-Way a Man in this Equipage, which made me that I could not tell what to think of him, in the fear I had that he was there to Diſmount Paſſengers. I Saluted him with a ſoft Air, ſaying to him, *God ſave you, Sir*:

Sir. I forgive thee, anſwered he, without pulling his Noſe out of his Cloak, *for as I am accoutred, thou art not obliged to ſpeak otherwiſe to me.* I was ſurpriz'd at his anſwer, thinking it to be only a pretence to quarrel; but being willing to take away all occaſion; *It was not, Sir, my deſign to give you any Offence*, replied I. *Be it ſo*, anſwered he very briskly, *but who learnt thee to ſalute Gentlemen, in this ſottiſh manner? Let me die, if I do not think this* God ſave you *was brought into the World on purpoſe to drive me out of it.*

Theſe words made me look on him more attentively, and having begun to let down his Cloak, from his Face, I knew him to be the *Squire*, whom I had heretofore ſerved. I was glad, for ſeveral reaſons, to meet him, and approaching him, *Is it poſſible, My old Maſter*, ſaid I to him, *that Six*

or

or Seven Years ſhould ſo alter Lazarillo de Tormes, *that you cannot know him?* He viewed me, and fell on my Neck, *Truly*, Lazarillo, ſaid he, *I may well miſtake thee, being ſo big and fat as thou art, having ſeen thee ſo lean and ſlender formerly.*

After ſeveral Embraces, and kind words on both ſides; he ask'd me, *Whither I was going?* and having told him; *Thou goeſt*, ſaid he, *the ſame way as I; come, let's go together, and relate to me what has befallen thee, ſince the night I was forced to leave thee, for reaſons which thou maiſt gueſs.* I gave him an exact account, without concealing any thing; and made my Hiſtory ſo long, that we arrived, as I finiſhed it, at the Village, where we were to take up that Night.

I went for ſomething to refreſh us: We knew one another perfectly

fectly well, ſo that he did not ſtand to Complement with me, in putting his Hand into his Pocket.

He informed me afterwards that when he had gone out of the Houſe, where we dwelt at *Toledo*, under pretence of *Changing the broad Piece*, not doubting but that thoſe who dunn'd him, would be punctual at the time appointed; and conſidering moreover the ſmall means he had of ſubſiſting at *Toledo*, he reſolved to return into his own Country, to ſell the Eſtate which he had there, and to go from thence to ſeek his Fortune.

I was ſurprized, added he, coming near, *to ſee my Pidgeon-Houſe built up, and ſome pairs of Oxen grazing in the Fields, which belonged to me: I drew near to a Labourer, that was at Work, and asking him, who he belong'd to? I found by the Anſwers which he made me, that ſometime after I had left my Village, for*

for the reaſons I have heretofore told thee, the ſame Gentleman, which had obliged me to leave my Eſtate, had put himſelf in Poſſeſſion of it, without any bodies oppoſing him, and there ſettled himſelf as I ſaw.

Having taken this information, I went to one of my Old Neighbours, and publiſhed my return into the Village. He that had poſſeſſed himſelf of my Eſtate, was ſurprized at it. He could not but know me; my abſence had not been long enough to make him forget me. We came therefore to an accommodation. He offered to give me my board as long as I lived, or elſe to make me a ſuitable Preſent, and thus I ſhould leave him in quiet Poſſeſſion.

I accepted of the firſt condition, yet without tying my ſelf to any thing; however, I required, that I ſhould at leaſt have the ſecond place at his Table; that he ſhould ſalute me on occaſions, ſaying, Your Servant,

vant, Sir, *and not* God ſave you, Sir, *I would rather have quitted all, than abated any thing in this Point.*

In theſe terms did I live Two Years, dragging my Sword after me, and adored as much as I could wiſh, by the Country People; but at length this Idle Life diſpleaſed me, and perceiving moreover that the People of the Houſe began to grow familiar with me, I would no longer ſtand to the firſt Bargain I made with the Gentleman; and therefore made him to underſtand I would go into the Army. He was very glad for his part to be rid of me, and therefore gave me very generouſly one of his beſt Horſes, and Money ſufficient, to furniſh me for the Campaign, I Articling with him to make over all my Claims and Pretenſions to him; thus did I bid adieu for ever to the place of my Birth.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Squire continues the recital of his Adventures. *Lazarillo* and he associate together in the Voyage to the *Indies*.

IT was not my real design to go into the Army, and therefore a quarter of a League distant from my Village, I left the Road of Catalonia, *for that of* Madrid; *where I hoped to make my Fortune with less danger. For to tell the Truth, though I have worn a Sword all my Life time, yet I had never no great inclination for Arms; and having ever had an aspiring mind, and great thoughts of my self, I therefore easily fell into the humour of the Grandees of our Nation, who think all Employs in War are be-*

neath them; and that 'tis mean to ſerve in the Army. To make ſhort, I arrived at Madrid, where I ſold my Horſe, and hired a neat Chamber, and began to view the Town. Coming home one Evening, when 'twas almoſt dark, paſſing along a narrow Street a Coach met me, which ſtopp'd, wherein I ſaw a Lady well dreſs'd, whom I Saluted, as I thought I was obliged; becauſe I could not paſs by without thruſting my Noſe into the Coach.

I had not taken two ſtrides, when a Lacquey came and pull'd me by the Cloak, telling me the Lady in the Coach deſired to ſpeak with me. You will be ſurprized, ſaid ſhe to me, when I came near her, at the liberty I take: I know you are a Stranger, and I read in your Countenance, you are not a man to refuſe a creditable Employ ſhould one offer it you. I thank'd her for her freedom, telling her, This was what I ſought for

at

at Madrid: *That I was a Younger Brother, who had no great Fortune in the World, and that* —— *You have ſaid enough, Sir,* ſaid ſhe. *I have long wiſh'd to meet with ſuch a Perſon as you. Madam the Counteſs* de Los Garfios, *to whom I belong, gives me no reſt, till I find her a Squire. She is a Lady of the Firſt Quality. You'll have all things at your deſire, a good Salary, a Footman to attend you, a Coach at your ſervice, and the proſpect of farther Advancements.*

I would have thank'd her; but ſhe would not hear me; you ſhall thank me, ſaid ſhe, *when you have experienced the truth of what I tell you. Come up into the Coach, and we will talk further. What part of the Town do you lodge in? I told her,* and ſhe made *Anſwer, Very well, 'tis thereabouts my occaſions call me; I will therefore ſet you down there. I gueſs'd a Thouſand times, in my mind,*

this fortunate Adventure, which happened when I leaſt expected it. She asked me an hundred queſtions in the Coach, and you may gueſs whether I could conceal any thing from my Benefactreſs.

We arrived in the Street where my quarters were, and ſhe would needs go up into my Chamber, to ſee how I was lodged; and as I was about ſeeking for a Candle, ſhe would not ſuffer me. We can ſee clear enough, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling; and I ſhould be unwilling every body ſhould know the freedom I uſe with you. Being in my Chamber, ſhe would have the Door ſtand open; and bidding her Lacquey keep there, leaſt any body ſhould enter, ſhe led me for a laſt Favour to my Beds ſide, and made me ſit down by here, where we diſcourſed to the full how I ſhould be with Madam the Counteſs de Los Garfios.

She gave me Inſtructions how I was to behave my ſelf, and made me

an exact Deſcription of each of the Domeſticks Humours; and having promiſed to ſend the ſame Coach for me the next Morning, to preſent me; and after reiterated proteſtations of an everlaſting Friendſhip, we parted.

I waited on her to the Coach, with that joy which you may eaſily imagine. But no ſooner had I gotten up into my Chamber, with a light; but I found that whilſt this kind Lady had amuſed me with theſe pleaſing expectations, her Lacquey had Ranſack'd all my Chamber, and left nothing behind him, but what could not go into the Coach. He was ſo careful as not to forget my Portmanteau, where I had put my Linen, and Woollen-Clothes, and almoſt all my Money. I ran down into the Street like a Mad-man, following the tracts of the Coach till I came into ſome croſs Streets, where I ſoon loſt my Scent, Three or Four Coaches having paſt

that way, ſo that I was forced to return home curſing my ill Deſtiny, the Counteſs de Los Garfios, *and my own Folly.*

This was, as you ſee, Friend Lazarillo, *an ill beginning of making ones Fortune,* continues the Squire. *I remained only with Ten Pieces in my Pocket, and half of this Summ muſt be laid out in repairing the diſorder, the roguiſh Lazquey had made in my Wardrobe. I muſt live beſides, which I could not do long without ſome ſupply.*

Thus did my noble Maſter finiſh the Relation of his Adventures, and I comforted him in the beſt manner I could; telling him, *Seeing we were both forced to go ſeek in the* Indies, *what Fortune had denied us at home, we ought to thank Heaven for bringing us thus happily together again: That we might be a mutual help to one another, it being a great conſolation to have a Friend,*

in

in whom one may confide, in ſo long a Voyage, as we were undertaking.

From that time we lived like Friends and Comrades. We agreed he ſhould retain his Name of *Don Alonzo Fanegada*, and I was to take on me that of my Father, and call my ſelf *Don Lazaro Gonſales*. That I ſhould term my ſelf a Gentleman as well as he; for 'tis very eaſie to ennoble ones ſelf in a Country where one is not known. We Travelled together making ſmall Journeys in our way to *Cales*, where we happily arriv'd, ſome weeks before the departure of the Fleet. We eaſily agreed for our Tranſportation with the Captain of a Veſſel; and Fifteen days after our arrival, the Fleet put to Sea with a favourable Wind.

CHAP. IV.

Lazarillo *makes Shipwrack at his return from the* Indies. *Certain Fiſhermen carry him throughout all* Spain *as a Monſtrous Fiſh. How they were diſcover'd and puniſh'd.*

A Freſh gale filled all our Sails, and we were on the point of diſcovering the *Spaniſh* Coaſts. I had gotten on the Fore-deck to be the firſt diſcoverer of that happy Land, which was then the only aim of my Deſires; and I with unſpeakable delight ruminated in my mind on the pleaſure I ſhould have in embracing my Wife and Children, after ſo long a time as Three Years of Dangers and Fatigues; and that I might alſo im-

impart to them ſome ſhare of the little Fortune I brought from the place whence I came. I had to the value of Four or Five hundred Crowns in Money and Goods, with which I thought to ſet up Shop, and with my Induſtry get an honeſt Subſiſtence for my Family, which I intended to ſettle at *Cales*, as being the moſt proper place I imagined for buſineſs. But alas! Fortune was not weary of perſecuting me.

There immediately aroſe an horrible Tempeſt, which divided our Fleet. The Pilot and the reſt of the Seamen having yielded our Veſſel to the humour of the Winds. We lay Two days between Death and Life, and the ſecond Night we fell on a Rock. Although I could not ſwim, yet I ſtripp'd my ſelf, that I might have leſs intanglements, if I could get hold of ſome Plank, which by good

hap I light of, and was carried along the Shore, where I was taken up by Fiſhermen half dead, amongſt the Moſs and Sedges which grow in the Water.

The Shore, whereto the Waves had driven me, was diſtant from the Rock, againſt which we ran; the Plank whereon I held being all that came ſo far of the whole Wrack of our Veſſel. The Fiſhermen took me at firſt for ſome Sea Monſter, my Skin being ſo wrinkled, my Face ſo disfigured, and my whole Body ſo diſguiſed by the Weeds, which were wrapp'd about it. Having well conſidered me, they perceived their Error; but the Figure I then made, put a Project into their Heads, which they ſoon after executed.

They made me diſgorge the Water I drank, which done I began to breath. They then carried me into their Hut, where ſome hours

hours after I reaſſumed my Spirits, and perceived my ſelf naked, lying on a wretched Mat, and ſcarce knowable to my ſelf.

In the mean time the Fiſhermen had held a Council among themſelves; and juſt as I was about to give Thanks to Heaven, for having drawn me out of the Danger, which I remembred to have been in; and was muſing on my bad Fortune, in having loſt in an inſtant, what I had been gaining for Three Years together, with ſuch Labour and Care; one of the Fiſhermen, who was the greateſt Rogue amongſt them, came to me, and thus ſaluted me: *How now, Mr.* Triton, *do you know that you are welcome? What news from the reſt of your Brethren, the Sea Monſters? Who, I a Monſter*, replied I? *Do you not ſee I am a Man as you are? A Man*, anſwered the Fiſherman, *thou art a* Triton, *or Sea Monſter, I am ſure of it.* Where-

Whereupon the reſt came up, and ſeconded what he ſaid, ſwearing 'twas true. I ſwore again as faſt as they, That I was a Man, and Son to a Citizen of the beſt Rank in *Madrid*; and further, That I was Married, and had a Wife and Children, *'Pray' leave of arguing*, ſaid the firſt Rogue, *you are, and ſhall be a* Triton, *and the moſt hideous Monſter as ever was ſeen; and therefore hold thy Peace, and be quiet unleſs you're minded to be pick'ed up for Cod-fiſh.* I was about to reply, but the Fiſherman began to take up his Knife, as it were to execute in earneſt what he had threatned; whereupon, ſeeing no remedy, I reſolved to be what they would have me, *Triton*, Monſter or Red-Herring, if they pleas'd.

Yet I could not divine all this while whereunto this tended; but I was ſoon ſatisfied, when I ſaw my

my Maſters come to me with a Tub full of Water. They ſwadled me up in Moſs and other Herbs, tying me down with a Cord, having nothing but my Head at liberty, ſo that a ſtranger Figure could not appear. They covered my Head with moſſy Leaves, and made me a long Beard with Horſe hair; and thus dreſſed up, they laid me on my Belly in the Tub, which was flat and of an Oval form, making appear at the end of my Legs a *Triton*'s Tail which they had adjuſted. They had alſo faſtned a Rope on my Feet, one end of which came out through a leaden pipe, ſo that if I offered to ſpeak or grumble never ſo little, they needed only pull the Rope, and I was forced to plunge like a Duck.

Having put all their machins in order, They gave out, they had taken a *Triton*; and ſo many People

ple round about came that day to ſee me, that though the Fiſhermen took but Pence a piece, this amounted to a conſiderable Summ. I would have ſpoken when my Spectators began to throng about me, but he that was ſpeaker to the Show, and ſate on the ſide of the Tub, drawing the Cord, every time I attempted to open my Mouth, duck'd my Head in the Water, ſo that I was forced to be ſilent, for fear of drowning.

My Maſters raviſh'd to ſee their Project take ſo well, and encouraged by the Gain they found; carried me through all the Towns and Villages of *Spain*, in a Cart. One of theſe Fiſhermen was the Carter, and the other ſate in it to take care to pull the Rope, if I offered to ſpeak, when we met any body. They only permitted me to uſe my Tongue, when we were alone.

I ask'd them one Day, what the Devil they meant in thus Tyrannizing over me. *You know in your own Conſcience*, ſaid I to them, *that I am a Man, endued with ſenſe as well as your ſelves; if you keep me long in this ſtinking Water I ſhall certainly periſh. Hold thy Tongue*, ſaid he that was my guard, *unleſs thou haſt ſomething better to ſay than this, we know beſt what's fitting for thee. Being a Fiſh, as thou art, thou canſt not live an Hour out of the Water without extream peril of Death; thou oughteſt therefore to be thankful for having fallen into ſuch Hands as ours, who know what belongs to Sea Monſters.* I had nothing to reply; and ſo much the leſs, becauſe I felt already, he began to twitch the Cord, to convince me of the neceſſity of my ſilence; ſo that I was forced to be contented, to be a Fiſh, till ſuch time as Heaven

ſhould

ſhould free me from the hands of theſe Villains.

They had the impudence to carry me to *Madrid*, but they remained not there long. The firſt who came to ſee me were Scholars. Having examined me a little more curiouſly than the Country people, there was one who ſaid, *In good Faith, he is as much a* Triton, *as I am one; were I an Officer of* Juſtice, *I ſhould ſend both the Fiſhermen and Fiſh too to the Galleys, having firſt made 'em fetch a walk about the Town, in the manner as they deſerve.* Alas, ſaid I to my ſelf, I would willingly be quit for a Thouſand Laſhes, and Ten Years ſervice in the Galleys; for I ſhould ſuffer leſs than I do now. In the mean time this Diſcourſe alarm'd my Conductors; they apprehended leſt ſome others ſhould reaſon as clearly as the Scholars had done; wherefore they left the

the Town the same Day, to carry me into the Villages, where the People would be more easily imposed on.

They at length carried me to *Toledo*. They hired a Ground-room in the very House, wherein I had heretofore lived. All the Town came hither, and I was (you may well think) in a strange taking, to see my Wife, with little *Teresa*, amongst the rest who was then about Five or Six Years Old, and who appeared to me pretty, like an Angel. This sight made such impressions on my Heart, that I fell into a Swoon with my Head into the Water; the Fishermen perceived it, and having cleared the Room of Folks, they emptied the Tub, and took all possible care for my preservation, they being so greatly interess'd in it. But all seemed in vain, and they thought me dead.

The

The fear they had, leaſt my Death ſhould diſcover their Roguery, made them reſolve to throw me by Night into the River, and ſo to march off. They laid me then athwart one of the Mules, which ſerved to draw their Cart. The jogging of the Mule made me diſgorge the Water I had ſwallowed, and come to my Senſes; I underſtood they talk'd about throwing me into the River; ſeeing the danger I was in, I began to call out for help with all my force, and to cry Murther. The Watch, by good hap, was paſſing through the next Street. They ſurrounded us in an inſtant, and carried us all to Priſon.

We were queſtioned the next Morning, and I was known for what I was. The Fiſhermen were puniſhed, and the Money they had gotten confiſcated, one third to the King, the other to the Hoſpital,

Hoſpital, and the reſt to me. I had for my ſhare above Fifty Crowns: I might have had more, but the Officers took as much for their ſhare. My Wife cauſed me to be carried into a little Houſe ſhe had hired, where ſhe lived with my Daughter working for her living. My Son died a while after my departure from *Toledo*. I was a great while before I could recover my ſelf, from what I had ſuffered by theſe roguiſh Fiſhermen.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How Lazarillo *became an Hermit, and wrote theſe Memoirs.*

SCarce was I well when it pleaſed Heaven to deprive me of the Company of my Daughter, and dear Wife, who ſoon followed one another; and truly I my ſelf had like to have followed them, with Grief. I made ſerious reflections on the miſery of humane Life, and reſolv'd to bid adieu to the World.

I caus'd a little Chapel to be built on a Hill, about a League off from *Toledo*, with a little Lodge; and in this laid out all the Money I had, both by ſelling my Clothes, and the Houſhold Stuff which my Wife had left me.

Here

Here do I ſpend my days with that delicious quiet which I never before taſted; and I have drawn up theſe Memoirs, to the end, that after my Death, they may be joined to what I wrote heretofore to my Friend *Pedro de Corredas*, Citizen of *Madrid*; which I know are abroad in the World.

To ſatisfie, as much as lies in my power, the Readers curioſity, he muſt know that Lazarillo *died in his Hermitage, a while after he had written theſe Memoirs; that he was enterred in his little Chapel, and, That his Tomb is ſtill to be ſeen with this Epitaph:*

Here lies
Brother Lazarillo Gonſales,
Surnam'd de Tormes,

Who having acted on the Theater of this World, The blind Man's Boy

Boy, Squire's Gentleman, *and ſerved with great ingenuity ſeveral other Maſters, and run through ſeveral other Employments, died an Hermit the* 12th. *of* Sept. 1540. *in the* 39th. *Year of his Age.*

R. I. P.

FINIS.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF Young *LAZARILLO*, SON and HEIR TO Old *Lazarillo de Tormes.*

Never before in Engliſh.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Leake* 1688.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF Young *LAZARILLO.*

HAVING thus given you a perfect Relation of the Life and Death of the Father and the Mother, it would be an Injuſtice to their Memory, to ſay nothing of that ſame Sprigg of Iniquity which they left behind. For, that they had a Son between

them (I mean, *Lazarillo*, and his beloved Spouſe or Doxie, no matter whether) all the *Guſmanick*, *Buſconick*, *Scarronick* Writers agree; more eſpecially, *The Chief Remembrancer to the Knights of the Order of Induſtry*, in his Lives of the Sons and Daughters of Joy, expreſly affirms it. Moreover, he gives ſeveral Reaſons to aſſure us, that he was the Father's and Mother's nown Child; and, that for once, his Mother did conceive without the help of Interlopers. For he ſays, that the Child did ſo partake of the natural Diſpoſition and *Genius* of his Father and Mother, that he might well be call'd a Chipp of the Old Block. The Infant was ſo far from being only naturally enclined to Thievery after he was born, that he began to ſtudy it in his Mother's Womb, and ſo ſtole himſelf into the World. 'Tis true, he did not couzen the World

World as *Garagantua* did; that is to ſay, he did not ſlip through his Mother's *Cotyledons*, into the Hollow Vein, and by that means croſſing the *Diaphragma*, aſcend as far as the Shoulders, where that Vein parts in two; and ſo turning to the left Hand, creep out at his Mother's left Ear. No; but he came ſo ſlily into the World, that he was half out before his Mother perceived him; who was delivered of a ſudden, to her great ſatisfaction, without the help of Midwife or Nurſe, or any other Woman to aſſiſt her. And indeed, he would have been a True Son of *Mercury*, had not an untimely Accident cut him off in the Bloom of his Years, at which you will either Laugh or Weep, when we ſhall come to relate it.

He was not ſo forward as *Hercules*, to Kill Snakes in his Cradle. Good reaſon for that; for, *Jupiter*

was Eight and forty Hours a getting him; and the Poet ſays, his Deityſhip was forced to drudge hard too; and therefore we ſhall not tell you, what our Youngſter did, before he had bred the full number of his Teeth. But no ſooner could he ſpeak, but his Father beholding the vigour and ſprightlineſs of his Son, thought there ſhould be nothing wanting on his part; and therefore knowing the Importance of early Inſtructions, he began to tutour him between his Knees, telling him, That the Profeſſion of a Thief was one of the Liberal Sciences, and did not at all reliſh of *Mechanick*, though indeed there were ſomewhat in that, required the nimbleneſs and ſlight of Hand; that they who went by the Names oft honeſteſt Men, made it now adays the greateſt part of their Calling; ſo that whoever did not know

know how to ſteal, knew not how to live in the World. And therefore (quoth his Father proceeding) why do the Serjeants and Bayliffs ſo proſecute us? Only becauſe one Trade envies another, Why do they Whipp, why Baniſh and Hang us up, but becauſe they will not ſuffer any Thieves but themſelves to live among them? However, good Inſtructions and Craft do many times deliver us out of their Clutches. In my Youth (quoth the Old Man) I uſually haunted the Churches and other Places of Publick Meeting, and then ſometimes I happened to be ſnapp'd; yet ſtill I got off by my Wits, which were always good at a dead lift. And therefore, my Son (quoth he) keep Wit in thy Brains, and that will keep Money in thy Pocket.

You cannot think how deep theſe Inſtructions ſank into the little

Noddle of Young *Lazarillo*, and throve like *Jeruſalem Artichoaks* in a fat Garden; ſo that he could no ſooner make a Caſting Topp Spin, but he began to ſhew his Gifts. For, at Eight Years of Age, he was able to have cheated at Cards or Dice, all the Footmen that belong to the *Houſe of Commons*; and was fit to have been Captain of the *Black Guard*, that rogue about the Guards near *Whitehall*. More particularly, he was the Inventor of that ſtratagemical Way of Cheating, or rather, robbing the Cuſtard Women in the open ſtreet at noon Day; Which was thus performed; So ſoon as he heard the Voice of the Cuſtard-woman ſetting up her Throat, and bawlling out, *Cuſtards, large Cuſtards, Groats a piece*, up he comes with her, and bids her ſhew him a couple of Cuſtards; both theſe he takes, and while he

is

is poiſing them upon the Palm of his Hands to try which is the beſt, preſently comes another Boy of the Confederacy, well inſtructed before-hand, and ſeeing him weighing the Cuſtards ſo buſily, *What are you doing here?* quoth he, *Doing!* cries the other, *Why I am going to buy one of theſe Cuſtards; which ſhall I take?*——*Oh ye Rogue,* quoth the Boy, *buying Cuſtards, and your Grandfather dead! My Grandfather dead!* crys t'other; and, as it were in a ſtrange Amazement, clapping both the Cuſtards together, runs away with them both as hard as he can drive; while the poor Woman ſurpriz'd, has neither time to follow, nor time to cry out, till the Young Rogues are got with their Plunder quite out of ſight.

At the ſame time there was a Coſtermonger, that took up his

ſtand in an Evening after Candle-light, before the entrance into a Church, at a good diſtance from the Houſes on each ſide; only for his own uſe the Coſtermonger had a Candle in a paper Lanthorn ſtuck at one ſide of his Basket. This Young *Lazarillo* obſerving, when he had a mind to fill his own and his Companions Bellies with Fruit, order'd his Gang to follow him. And being furniſh-ed with three or four good ſtones, when he came within reach of the Coſtermonger's Paper-Lanthorn, at it he lets drive with his unlucky Hand, but if he miſt the firſt hit, at the ſecond he was ſure to fetch down the Candle and extinguiſh the Light; and then it was that the Coſtermonger being in the dark, that *Lazarillo* and his fol-lowers had their Opportunity to fill their Pockets, and vaniſh be-fore the Coſtermonger could light his

his Candle, to ſee who had hurt him, or what Loſſes had befallen him.

A Barber obſerving this Towardlineſs in *Young Lazarillo*; ſays he to himſelf, *This Boy may do me great ſervice.* Now this Barber, as he was a great Friend and Neighbour of *Old Lazarillo*'s, ſo was he a very arrant *Felon.* Therefore, to fit *Young Lazarillo* for his purpoſe, he ſent him to the Pick-pocket School, where the Young Rogue profited ſo well in a ſhort time, that he was able to out-do many of his Seniors in that Trade; ſo that had there been degrees in the Art of *Pocket-picking*, as there are in the Sciences of *Law* and *Phyſick*, he might have Commenc'd *Maſter of Arts* in half a Years time. Nor did the Barber repent him of his Charity, in putting *Young Lazarillo* out. For, the Barber having got a Trick, when he

he trimmed his Cuſtomers, to fill their Eyes full of Camphire Sudds, againſt which their only Remedy was to keep their Eyes cloſe ſhut, *Young Lazarillo* was ſtill at hand to open their Pockets, and take much out of more, and out of little, to the great Benefit of the Barber, who by that means doubly, ſometimes trebly paid for his Trimming.

At about ten Years of Age, *Young Lazarillo* was put to an ordinary Grammar School in the Country, one of thoſe that teach Latin indeed, but no higher than *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*, or *Virgil*'s *Eneads*. While he remained there, his uſual Practice was, to ſecure all the Books that came in his Way; and, that his little Thefts might paſs undiſcover'd, before he expoſed his Thieveries to ſale, he would ſo ſtrangely alter their Complexions, that they could never be known.

known. If they were new, he would rub their Covers in the Aſhes; if the Leaves were red, he would alter their Colour into blew or green, or whatever other Colour he could get, for which he had his Utenſils and Materials always by him; or, if old, he would renew their old Faces with freſh Painting. As for his Money, he had various ways to ſpend it, in treating and careſſing thoſe Boys that were able to make his Exerciſes, which render'd him very acceptable to his Maſter. However, he would often play the Truant, and thoſe Truantings were always attended with ſome notorious piece of Roguery, as Robbing of Orchards, Milking the Cows in his Hat, Robbing of Hen-Rooſts, and diminiſhing the number of the Farmers Geeſe. To which purpoſe, he had a ſhort ſtick with a ſtring ty'd to the end

of

of it, and a Bullet at the end of that, which would fetch in his Game by the Neck; about which, the Weight of the Bullet twiſted the String ſo many times, that it was impoſſible for the Geeſe to diſingage themſelves from Deſtruction. Now, whatever he got, he carry'd to a Houſe, which encouraged him in his Roguery, gave him two Pence for what was worth a Shilling, and feaſted him to boot.

In his rovings, while a mere griſtly Bratt, he was very ſevere; ſo that if a ſtronger Boy than himſelf had injur'd him, he would conceal his Reſentment, and exerciſe his Revenge upon him privately; and one Trick he had among the reſt for the ſame purpoſe, which was, to ſtick a Pin in the Seat where the Boy was to ſit.

Another time, one of the Maids having croſs'd him; to be reveng'd of

of her, knowing her to be a drouſy Wench, as ſhe ſlept by the fire, *Young Lazarillo* took his Opportunity, and having melted a little Glew, gently touch'd the cloſure of both her Eye-lids with a Pencil, and when he thought it cold, he ſuddenly wak'd the Wench, pretending that her Miſtreſs call'd her, having firſt ſet all the Chairs and Stools about the Kitchin in her Way. Preſently up ſtarts the Wench, and rubbing her Eyes, away ſhe hurries, but, being blindfold, in her haſte, here ſhe tumbles over the Chairs, there over the Stools; up went her Heels, and up flew her Petty-Coats before and behind, to the great ſatisfaction of *Young Lazarillo*, who was extreamly delighted with this piece of Roguery. On the other ſide, the Wench would hardly be perſwaded, but that it was a Judgment upon her for ſome Sin ſhe had

had privately committed; and had certainly run Mad, had ſhe not been ſpeedily reſtored to her Sight by waſhing off the Glew, which was not ſo eaſily done neither.

This ſtuck in the Maids Stomach, ſo that one day being deſirous to taſte of ſome Plum-Broth that was upon the Fire, *Young Lazarillo* deſired the Maid to give him a Taſte; whereupon the Maid taking up a Ladle-full, and holding the Ladle in her own Hand, ſhe bid him ſup: At what time *Young Lazarillo* opening his Mouth ſomewhat wider than he needed, the unlucky Baggage pour'd the ſcalding Porridge down his Throat; ſo that poor *Lazarillo* thought he had ſwallowed the *Gunpowder Plot*. This put *Lazarillo* upon another Deſign: For, he obſerving that the Maid in a ſhort time after carry'd the Plum-Porridge Pot into the Yard, and ſet it juſt under

under the deſcending of the Jack-weight; *Young Lazarillo*, ſo ſoon as the Weight was down, took it off, and faſtening the Porridge-Pot to the Pully, went into the Kitchin, and wound up the Kettle, Pottage and all, to the top of the Penthouſe, and then ſtopp'd the Jack, the Meat being taken from the Fire. By and by the Porridge was call'd for, but neither Porridge nor Pot were to be found, which put the whole Houſe into an Uproar. And though the Maid ſwore ſhe ſaw it but juſt before, and really thought that none but the Devil could have removed it, yet the Miracle could not be diſcovered till the next Roaſting; at what time the Porridge Pot deſcended like an Angel in a Play-Houſe, faſtened to the Pully of the Jack-line.

Now, though the School-Maſter was an Old Man, yet he would not

not give over teaching for all that; ſo that when he was indiſpoſed, he would ſend for his Scholars into his Chamber, and teach them as he lay a-bed. One time among the reſt, a Gentleman had ſent the Maſter his Son's Quarteridge, for Diet and Teaching, *&c.* all in Gold. Which the Maſter receiving, call'd for a ſmall Cabinet that ſtood in the Room, which *Young Lazarillo* more officious than the reſt, preſently ran and fetch'd him; into which, when the Maſter had lock'd up his choice Commodity, he order'd *Lazarillo* to ſet it where he found it. Preſently the Devil became his Tutour, and now nothing would ſerve his Turn but that he muſt have that Gold. After many and various Stratagems and Contrivances, he bethought himſelf at length of taking the Impreſſion of the Key in Wax, which with much difficulty he

he obtain'd, and carried to a Smith Four Miles off. But the Smith ſuſpecting him, and queſtioning him what he intended to do with the Key, poor *Lazarillo* was forc'd to betake himſelf to his Heels, and run for it, not having any Excuſe or ſpecious Pretence wherewith to couzen Old *Vulcan*, too well acquainted with ſuch kind of Devices. This Stratagem failing, he try'd a Pick-lock of his own Invention; but that not taking Effect neither, he reſolv'd at length to take away Cabinet and all. To which purpoſe he watch'd his Opportunity, which he obtained in a ſhort time. For, the Maſter had a Cuſtom to keep within all the Day, and take his Recreations abroad in the Night. Thereupon *Young Lazarillo* watching his time, conveighed himſelf into his Maſter's Chamber, and hid himſelf under the Bed; and when he found the

Coaſt

Coaſt clear, getting the Cabinet into his Cuſtody, ſtole out of the Houſe and march'd all Night. In the Morning he found himſelf near a ſmall Town about Sixteen Miles off from the School, where believing himſelf ſecure, he thought it requiſite to reſt his tender weary Limbs, and ſolace himſelf with the ſight of his Purchaſe. To which purpoſe he enter'd the firſt Inn he came to, and there call'd for ſome *Moſcatella* Wine, which he had heard much talk of, but never had taſted in his Life. At which the People of the Houſe admiring that ſuch a young Urchin as he, ſhould call for ſuch a ſort of dainty Liquor, viewed him very circumſpectly, but more eſpecially the Cabinet under his Arm, which bred in them no ſmall Jealouſies of the Bearer; ſo that they acquainted their Maſter with it; who being a kind of *Corrigi-*

dor

dor or Conſtable, without craving Pardon for intruding, deſired to be admitted into *Young Lazarillo*'s Society. Upon his admiſſion, he began to Catechize *Young Lazarillo*, asking him, Whence he came, Whither he was going, and, What he had in his Casket? But, before he could ſtudy an anſwer to the Queſtions which were put to him, he was overtaken by thoſe that cloſely purſued him; ſo that poor *Young Lazarillo* was laid hold on, and his Treaſure taken from him.

Thus, ready to die, he was carried back to the place from whence he came; where, by the Maſter, he was confined cloſe Priſoner within a Chamber, though not altogether without Company; for, he was daily viſited by the Maſter, who with a Cat-of-Nine-Tails flead his Buttocks twice a-Day; who, after he had Skinn'd his

his Poſteriors, would often waſh them with Water and Salt. Within a Week, his Mother being ſent for, arriv'd; who, hearing of the Rogueries of her hopeful Son, grew ſo impatient, that ſhe would needs take him to Task her ſelf; but, when ſhe had untruſs'd him, and ſaw in what a woeful Plight he was (his Shirt being ſtiffen'd like a piece of Buckram with Matter and Blood, and his tender Buttocks all Plough'd and Harrow'd with the Cat-with-Nine-Tails) ſhe began to ſcold at the Maſter; who, to pacifie her, told her, that great Offences required ſevere Puniſhments, and uſed ſo many Arguments, that his Mother at length was in part pacified; but, what to do with the Young Stripling ſhe knew not; and therefore ſhe conſulted with the Maſter, who told her, He durſt not keep the young Vermin any longer; for that the Country

Country People brought in daily moſt grievous Complaints againſt him; and, to aggravate his Mother the more, he gave her a Catalogue of his Crimes; As, how that once going to correct him for ſome unlucky Prank or other, having given himſelf a Laxative on purpoſe, he Squirted full in his Face upon the firſt Laſh; That, when he was upon the Boys Backs ready to be Whipp'd, he bit Holes in their Ears; That another time, having ſurreverenc'd in a Paper, and running to the Window with it that look'd into the Yard, as his Old Miſtreſs was gaping up to ſee who opened the Caſement, he let the Contents drop into her Mouth; That, in the Summer-time he watch'd the Luſty Young Girls, that were wont to Bath themſelves in a Brook not far from the School; and hiding himſelf under a Buſh till they were ſtrip-

ed

ed, he would then go and take away their Cloths, and make them dance after him ſtark naked, till he had ſatisfied his waggiſh Humour; That he his Maſter having ſome choice Apricocks in his Garden, which were kept as chary as the forbidden Fruit for his peculiar Tooth, and looking out at his Window while *Young Lazarillo* was filling his Pockets, though not able to diſcern who it was, and therefore ſending for all the Boys together to make a privy ſearch, her Son underſtanding the Buſineſs, cleverly conveigh'd the Fruit into the next Boy's Pocket; by which means, the poor Innocent Boy was ſeverely laſh'd, for the Crime which he himſelf had committed.

Lazarillo hearing all this, and the ſerious Conſultation of his Mother, how to diſpoſe of him for the future (wherein ſhe propoſed ſeveral

ſeveral Methods, no way pleaſing to *Young Lazarillo*) thereupon he reſolved to give her the ſlip, and try his own Fortune in the World.

With this Reſolution away he trips, determining to ſteer his Courſe as Fortune ſhould guide him. The firſt Dinner he made, was upon the Fruits of the Field, and the Buſhes, and when Night approached, he was forced to betake himſelf to a Hay-Cock; but, conſidering with himſelf that he had no School-Exerciſe to make, nor was in any danger of oversleeping himſelf the next Morning, he endur'd his Hardſhip with the more Patience.

The next Day he rambled along (all tatter'd and torn with the Buſhes and Briars, and with ſcrambling over the Hedges to get at the Green Peaſe as he went along) and, by that time 'twas Night, he got to an Inn that

ſtood alone upon the Road, where he begg'd Victuals and deſired to lie in the Barn. The Maſter and Miſtreſs of the Houſe call'd him in, and ſeeing him a comely young Boy, ask'd him, Whence he came, and, Who were his Friends, and, Whither he was going? to all which the young arch Rogue anſwer'd, That he was a poor Fatherleſs and Motherleſs Child; That he had been put to School while they lived, and could both Read and Write; but, that his Parents) to whom he gave wrong Names) being lately dead, he was put to his Shifts, and would be willing to ſerve any Body, and do any thing for a living. The modeſt Look of the Boy, and the neatneſs of his Delivery, bred Compaſſion in the Maſter and Miſtreſs of the Houſe, ſo that they reſolv'd to entertain him; eſpecially the Maſter of the Houſe, who,

who, becauſe he could neither Write nor Read himſelf, was glad of ſuch an Aſſiſtant: For, to ſay Truth; *Young Lazarillo* was a very pretty Schollard of his Age.

In ſhort, this Inn became his Habitation, where he was employed to go of Errands, and upon ſeveral other Occaſions. But, he had not been long there, before ſuch a Contrivance came into this Young Boy's Noddle, that none but the Devil could have invented.

In this Inn there was a Chamber call'd the beſt Chamber, wherein were Lodg'd none but Perſons of Quality that Travell'd that way. Into this Chamber was this Varlet of a Crack-rope wont to convey himſelf in the winter Nights, when any Gueſts of Quality were to be Lodg'd there, and to keep himſelf cloſe conceal-ed till they were faſt aſleep. Or,

if he found them to be wakeful, betook himſelf to his Diabolical Stratagems, of ſighing and groaning like a *troubled Ghoſt*; and ſometimes by the glimmering of the Coals in the Chimney, would open the Curtains, and ſhew himſelf in a white Shroud at the Beds ſide, till the poor affrighted Gentleman, in a dreadful Conſternation, was forc'd to wrap himſelf in a cold Sweat over Head and Ears; and then was his time to pick their Pockets. Nor did the Gentlemen dare to complain of their Loſſes, but were glad they were got out of the Houſe; ſo that at length the Report was ſpread about the Country, that the Chamber was haunted. This Practice this young Devil of a *Lazarillo* continued for almoſt two whole Winters; till at laſt, a Gentleman that had been farther up in the Country, and being

ing belated in his return home (which was not above Ten Miles from the Inchanted Caſtle) coming to the Inn, deſired a Lodging. The Miſtreſs of the Houſe made him anſwer, That all the Rooms in the Houſe were taken up, but only one Chamber that was haunted. *Let it be haunted with a Legion* (quoth the Gentleman, who was a Perſon of Reſolution) *if there be but a Mat, let me lie there, rather than in the Street.* Only he deſired a good Fire, two Great Candles, and a Book or two, to waſte that time of the Night, wherein Goblings and Ghoſts are moſt active. To be ſhort, the Gentleman took Poſſeſſion of the haunted Chamber, had a good Supper and drank freely. All the forepart of the Night he ſat and read; but ſeeing no Devil appear, between two and three a-Clock in the Morn-

ing he betook himſelf to his Reſt. But no ſooner had he compoſed himſelf to ſleep, than he felt ſomething creeping ſoftly up at the Bed's Feet, and by and by ſomewhat weighty upon his Shins. At which gathering up his Legs, he gave a ſpring with both his Legs, which gave the young Devil ſuch a ſquelch, that he fell plump upon the Floor. Ay, thought he, the Devil's Airy Body can never make ſuch a Noiſe. And with that, ſtarting out of his Bed, he ran to the Chamber Door, and holding it faſt lock'd in his Hand, knock'd and call'd as loud as he could to raiſe the Houſe. In a ſhort time, the Maſter and Miſtreſs came, who, with two or three Servants and Lights, being let in, they fell to ſearching the Chamber, not leaving the leaſt Hole or Cranny which they did not accurately peep into, yet could find

find nothing, which put the Gentleman into ſome kind of Amaze. But at laſt, remembring they had not look'd under the Table that ſtood in the middle of the Room, cover'd with a large Carpet that trailed on every ſide upon the Ground, they turned up the Carpet, and there they found the cunning Devil, *Young Lazarillo*; who being brought forth and examined by the Gentleman, who was himſelf an *Alguezite*, or Juſtice of the Peace; upon his Examination, confeſſed the whole *ſeries* of his Roguery, and was thereupon ſent to the next Grand Gaol, there to be puniſhed upon the ſitting of the next *Hermandad*.

The News of this Young Devil being thus ſpread all over the Country, *Lazarillo*'s Mother knew now where to find her loſt Son. And, ſuch was her motherly Affection, that with much ado, and

the

the Expence of ſome Money, after the Hangman had viſited his Shoulders with the Publick Laſh, ſhe got him Home again.

Young Lazarillo was by this time arrived at ſome years of Diſcretion; and, his Mother believing that his laſt Afflictions might have wrought in him ſome kind of Reformation, by the Advice of Friends ſent him to another School of a higher Order, where, to ſay Truth, he ſtrangely improv'd, to the great Content of his Parents and his Maſter.

But now Lament and Weep with me; for here comes the diſmal Cataſtrophe, that nipp'd this Bloſſom in the Bud; and, for ought we know, deprived us of one of the pleaſanteſt Lives that ever was Writ.

For, it happen'd, that the time for chooſing of *Kings* being near, and the Maſter intending to give ſome

ſome Recreation to his Scholars, reſolv'd to make a *Royalty*. When the Time came, the Cake was divided; and, the Kingdom of the Bean, fell to *Young Lazarillo*'s ſhare. With which he preſently acquainted his Mother, that ſhe might provide him Clothes and neceſſary Ornaments. The Day of Triumph being come, he was mounted upon a *Rozinant*, like that of D. *Quixot*'s, a perfect Enchanted Horſe, the leaneſt that ever was ſeen; for, his Chine was at leaſt a Mile long; and, he was withal ſo humble, that he went all the way making of Congies. He had but one Eye, a Neck like a Camel, and a Tail like an Ape, that is to ſay, no Tail at all. *Young Lazarillo* being mounted upon this ſprightly Barb, and attended by all the reſt of his School-fellows, dreſt up in all the Finery their Mothers could procure for them,

they

they all made their Proceſſion through the Market-Place; but, coming near the Herb-woman's Stalls, *Lazarillo*'s Hunger ſtarv'd Horſe fell upon a Basket of Coleworts, and devour'd them in a Trice, as being not a little over-joy'd at ſo pleaſant a Bait. Upon which, the Herb-woman, whoſe Coleworts they were, being a ſort of unruly Jade, and as Impudent as an Oiſter Wench, began to ſet up her Throat; at which, the whole Tribe came flocking about her, with a great number of Rakehells and Porters, who ſnatching up their great handfuls of Turneps and Onions, fell to pelting of the poor King, who knew not what ſhift to make; and, at the ſame time, one of theſe Cuckoldly Rogues gave his Horſe ſo full a Charge upon the Noſe, that being none of the ſtrongeſt, he fell backward with the King's Wor-

Worſhip, not upon dry Land, but (with Reverence be it ſpoken) into a Bottomleſs Jakes, where, before timely Aſſiſtance could come to their Relief, the Horſe and the Rider were ſtiff'd; where we muſt be forc'd to leave them, without ſaying any thing of their Funerals; being inſtructed by the Proverb, which tells us, *The more you ſtir, the more 'twill ſtink.* Beſides, that it is all that we can find of the Acts and Deeds of *Young Lazarillo*, whoſe Unfortunate End was bemoaned by all that knew him.

FINIS.